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Poetry.

BY THE SEA.

I lay on the rocks and watched the sea
As it sparkling danced 'neath a sunny sky;
The warm sweet wind just touched my cheek—
And I sighed that romance had passed me by.

I gazed at the sea, and sky, and shore,
Till a sudden sight made my pulses bound,
For a little way from my rocky nook
Was an open parasol, low on the ground.

'Twas a large, and white, and of India silk;
Its top tilted down was my vis-a-vis;
But I guessed its lining—such shaded rose
As paints the murmuring shells of the sea.

Beneath, on the earth, spread a soft, gray rug;
The fringe of a shawl I could also note;
And trailing outside of the parasol disk
Was a bit of a lace-trimmed petticoat.

My heart beat high with expectant hope—
Shall I find my romance here by the sea?
While life endures will fancy repeat
The memories tender of white pongee!

No longer I lay on the rock shore
Watching the ocean's foamy creep;
Softly windward I stole for a view—
'Twas somebody's baby sound asleep!
—Life.

AGONY.

The music ceased, the curtain rose
I did not heed the play,
But gazed upon her lovely face,
She sat two seats away;
Her cheeks like tinted apple bloom,
Her teeth like gleaming pearls,
Her eyes as blue as summer skies,
A wealth of golden curls.

And as I gazed upon her face
There came a look of pain,
Like cloudy shadows o'er the land,
It passed, then came again;
I saw the tear drops in her eyes,
The rose tint fade away,
And that fair cheek grow deathly pale—
In speechless agony.

She turned and touched her escort's arm,
They slowly went away;
My heart beat fast with sympathy,
I did not heed the play.
He soon returned and took his seat,
I gazed in great surprise;
He read the question I would ask,
Flash from my eager eyes.

And as the music died away
His lips this answer bore:
"My sister's feet are number five,
Her shoes are number four."
—Boston Globe.

HIS OPINION OF HER.

You have filled my life with sweetness,
And, dear sweetheart, dreams of you
Are a golden stream of sunlight
O'er a path that never knew
Aught of loving—'till your smiling
Lit the way with brightest hue,
And my soul, in wildest glory,
Found a resting place for you.

You have filled my life with sweetness,
And the birds that carol low,
In the twilight hour, the shadows
From the drooping sunlight grow—
Echo back responsive hap'ness,
'Till the quiet, evening air
Crowns itself with dearest dreaming—
Dreaming, love, that you are there!

You have filled my life with sweetness,
And, dear sweetheart, all the bliss
Known in heaven would be fruitless—
All its joys would be amiss,
If, when souls are lifted softly,
To that home beyond the blue,
I should wake, and, in my wak'ning,
Miss the presence, sweet, of you!

Miscellany.

ON THE WYOMING FLYER.

It Might Not be Running Fast, but There Was Good Reason for It.

A man was one day making a trip on the "flyer" of a Wyoming railroad. Passage on these trains is never taken except for journeys of considerable length, as walking is as easy and much safer for short distances. On this occasion the movement was even more deliberate than usual, and the passenger called the conductor to his seat and said:

"Isn't this motion pretty slow?"

"Well, we ain't flying, I admit."

"May I ask what is the trouble, then?"

"Certainly. We found a fine two-year old steer stuck in a trestle back here before you got on and stopped and helped it out. You know the rules of the road are in such cases that the animal belongs to the company."

"But I don't see why that should make you run so slow."

"Why we are taking that steer to headquarters; got it tied behind, and it ain't used to leadin', and don't walk up very well. I'm doin' all I can—got the brakeman proddin' it up with an umbrel' and an ear of corn tied to the end of the bell rope. If you think I'm going to start up and go howlin' along and yank the horns off as good a steer as there is in this state, why, you're mistaken, that's all."

FOLLIES AND FOIBLES.

"Do you be'ong to the Reform of Husbands?" asked the austere New York brunette.

"No, I don't; and I won't join, either," replied the decided blonde. "Do you suppose I want to make my husband so good that every woman in New York will be chasing after him?"

Footlite—I understand Miss Starr, the prima donna, has secured a divorce.

Buskin—Yes. She says she found marriage a failure. She had played leading roles so long that she found it impossible to play second to her cook in household matters.

The wires that went up from the bonnet almost made a letter "V," and, of course, they supported the usual ribbon made up into a bow. This naturally obstructed the view of the stage and the two young men who sat behind it grew desperate. As the first act neared its end one of them said in an audible whisper and with apparent nervousness:

"They'll start that electric fan right behind us in about a minute."

"What of it?" asked the other.

"It makes an awful strong wind," replied the first.

"Well, what if it does?"

"If it ever catches that sail ahead of us it'll carry the masts by the board or land the hat over the other side of the theater."

A minute later sail was shortened. The hat was taken off.—Chicago Post.

A Pertinent Question.

A caller had mentioned that a neighbor had been obliged to shoot his dog because it had grown so old and cross. After he had gone, little Edith, who had been very quiet since the dog had been spoken of, surprised her mother by asking: "Mamma, when do you think papa will shoot Aunt Sarah?"—Tit-Bits.

No Drop There.

"How's business?"

"Bad," replied the merchant, who does not advertise. "The bottom has dropped out of every line of goods in my store, with one exception."

"What's that?"

"The thermometers." —Washington Star.

In the Atmosphere.

"And father has forbidden you the house," she said.

"Yes," he replied; "this is the last I can see you."

"Harold! You must go and see him."

"It's no use. The last time I met him he made it clear that he had decided on a lock-out and wouldn't arbitrate."—Washington Star.

The Unkind After-Thought.

"Dickey is studying medicine."

"What for?"

"He says he wants to be a philanthropist and help people."

"Into the next world?"—Washington Star.

THE OLDEST MASON.

Adna Adams Trent, and He Lives in Colorado.

The oldest Freemason in the United States is Adna Adams Treat. Mr. Treat was born in Hartford, Conn., April 8, 1797. In 1823 he became a member of Apollo lodge, of Troy, N. Y., and he is still a member of that organization. For a number of years Mr. Treat has lived in Denver, Colo., with his daughter, the wife of Dr. Burnham, of that city. He is the oldest churchman in the West. In early life this aged Mason was engaged in the picture frame business in Hartford. He was one of the founders of the Troy looking-glass

ADNA ADAMS TREAT.

manufactory. In 1830 he removed to Syracuse and engaged in the grain trade. Subsequently he resided in Ohio and Indiana, going westward with the population of the period. He was 80 years of age when he began the writing of poems of anniversary and descriptive character. Mr. Treat remembers the celebrated Hartford convention, which was held in the state capitol during the war of 1812. The old building in which the convention held its sessions under the ban of secrecy is now used as a city hall. He took part in the celebration in Hartford in 1815, recognizing the peace treaty with England. The public festivities were kept up until midnight, three hours later than the customs and habits of the city at that time allowed. The old Mason and his bride, Jane Rellay, were regarded as the handsomest couple in Troy back in 1825. Mr. Treat is hale and hearty in his 98th year, and bids fair to reach the concluding years of the century. He has been a Mason more than 70 years.

IRREPRESSIBLE WOMAN.

Supplanting Men as Steamboat Captains, Engineers and Pilots.

Women are steadily extending their field of labor and securing positions in the most masculine character of service. Each year sees them engaging in occupations that had been considered as possible for women to perform.

In Nebraska a woman owns and personally operates a traveling steam threshing-machine outfit and goes about the country with it and makes her own contracts. There are two women captains of steamboats on the Mississippi river, each one holding a United States marine license as captain. One owns her own boat, the other boat is owned by a company of merchants. There is another woman captain of a steamer on Puget Sound.

There are three women pilots on the Mississippi river, all holding licenses. In a shingle saw-mill in Washington state two women work on the shingle machines, and at another mill in the same locality a woman runs the dummy log engine that hauls the immense logs into the mill-yard. In Chicago a woman is engineer of a steam laundry plant, having control of a large engine and considerable machinery. Another Chicago woman is engineer of the entire plant—engine, steam heat, elevator power and water system—in one of the sky-scraper buildings downtown, and a woman runs an elevator in a hotel there.

One of the great manufacturies of household furniture in Grand Rapids, Mich., employs a woman as chief designer of artistic furniture and pays her a handsome salary. She employs two or three girls as assistants. Another woman holds a similar position in the service of a great stove company in Detroit. The Studebaker carriage builders in South Bend, Ind., employ a woman artist to do the delicate ornamental painting on the vehicles they make. A woman is steward and purser of a steamer running between Grand Haven and Chicago.

There are several women who own and manage livery stables in Western cities, and women farmers and women cattle ranchers are numerous in all Western states. Of Bendoo, Ill., three women engaged in fruit culture. One of the finest vineyards in Iowa is owned and managed by a young woman ex-school teacher.

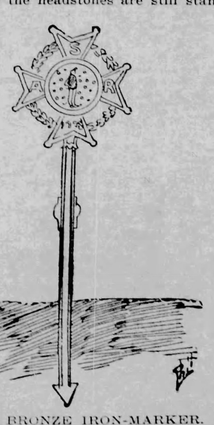
SOLDIERS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

Massachusetts Sons of the Revolution to Mark Their Graves.

The Sons of the American Revolution of Massachusetts, of whom Edward S. Barrett, of Boston, is president, have begun a movement of great interest to all descendants of patriots of the war for independence. The beautiful old cemeteries of New England are full of the soldiers of 1776. While many of the graves are well cared for, corrosion by the elements has reduced the tablets of soft lime or sand stone, which mark some of the places of interment, to mere heaps of splinters. In any case, whether the headstones are still standing or not, the proposition is to perpetuate the memory of those who served in the American Revolution by designating their graves everywhere with bronzed iron markers.

The ornament at the top of the marker is designed in the form of the badge of the society, with the inscription, "S. A. R., 1775," and a bas-relief of the minute-man of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, surrounded by thirteen stars. The whole is mounted on an iron spear, which can be stuck into the ground, the spearhead retaining it there after it is once settled in place. At the back of the marker are sockets in which can be placed the staff of a small flag, such as is used by the Grand Army of the Republic in the decoration of graves on Memorial Day.

The enterprise of the Massachusetts society has attracted great attention, and it is expected that the work they have entered upon will interest the societies in other states.



THE BRONZE IRON-MARKER.

The Oldest Inhabitant Floors the Young Man.

"Yes," said the young man, "I believe the people are right when they say this summer has been the hottest ever known."

"Sho!" exclaimed the oldest inhabitant.

"Well, it's mighty hot, anyway," pursued the youth. "My collar wilted yesterday two minutes after I put it on."

"Sho!" said the oldest inhabitant. "I've seen it so hot that the collar wilted before you put it on at all."—New York Press.

When Needed.

Husband (preparing to go to the club) —You kick at everything I do. You used to say I was the light of your life.

Wife—So you are yet. That's the reason I don't want you to go out at night. —Puck.

SAT ON THE HOT RAILS.

A Band of Apaches Given a Surprise on a Santa Fe Train.

"For real hot-weather stories you want to go to a hot-weather country," says W. F. White, passenger traffic manager of the Santa Fe Railroad, in the Chicago Tribune. "Now you can find hot weather that is hot weather in New Mexico and Arizona. It's one thing to go through that country now on a train which carries the conveniences for keeping cool, but it was quite another thing when the railroad was being built and there was nothing between you and the sun but fiery alkali dust.

"The Atchison road reached Deming, N. M., in 1881, and it was a hot summer. It had been hot right along for days in that steady, energetic fashion that would make a man wish for an hour in a Bessemer steel mill to cool off. The first construction train pulled into Deming on a day that was so scorching as to stand out even among those other blistering days. The train was made up of a long line of flat cars, and along the center of the cars ran a pile of steel rails a foot high. The rails had been in the full glare of an unblinking sun until they were about as hot as when they first came through the rolls at the mills.

"When the train came into Deming, it was, of course, an object of great interest, and no one was more interested than a lot of Apache Indians. They were peaceful enough, and filled with curiosity and were quick to assert the birthright of the American Indian to ride free on a railroad tran. The conductor in charge was something of a joker and saw an opportunity for some fun. He urged the Indians all to climb up on the flat cars and have a ride. The engineer was in the scheme, and as soon as the Indians were up on the cars, he backed his engine with a jerk. They could ride a bucking pony under any condition of unsteadiness, but this motion was new to them, and the entire party sat down on the rails.

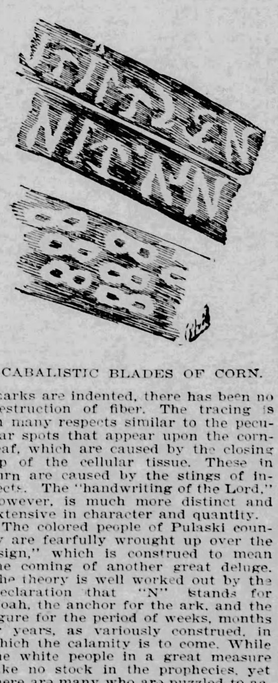
"Now you must remember the summer costume of an Apache can be cut out of a pocket handkerchief with cloth to spare. Well, my idea of Indian stoicism was shattered. There were shrieks that added new notes to the regulation war whoop, and the Apaches left that train and started off across the hot sands in a way that would have turned us all gray if they had been coming towards us instead of running away. They undoubtedly to this minute remember that as the hottest day they ever knew."

"LORD'S HANDWRITING."

Mysterious Marks Upon Corn Blades in Pulaski County, Ky.

What has been called the "handwriting of the Lord" has recently appeared upon the growing corn in a field on the farm of T. B. Turpen, near Somerset, in Pulaski county, Kentucky. The ignorant and superstitious believe that it is the forewarning of some great event that is to affect all Christendom, and numerous prophets are abroad in the land. The so-called "Lord's handwriting" appears upon the broad green blades of the corn, and does not affect the husks or ears.

From the accompanying cut it will be seen that upon one of the blades appears to be a combination of rude outlines of an anchor and the letter "N." On the other is a succession of figures resembling the numeral "3." A close examination shows that while the



CABALISTIC BLADES OF CORN.

marks are indented, there has been no destruction of fiber. The tracing is in many respects similar to the peculiar spots that appear upon the corn-leaf, which are caused by the closing up of the cellular tissue. These in turn are caused by the stings of insects. The "handwriting of the Lord," however, is much more distinct and extensive in character and quantity.

The colored people of Pulaski county are fearfully wrought up over the "sign," which is construed to mean the coming of another great deluge. The theory is well worked out by the declaration that "X" stands for Noah, the anchor for the ark, and the figure for the period of weeks, months or years, as variously construed, in which the calamity is to come. While the white people in a great measure take no stock in the prophecies, yet there are many who are puzzled to account for the peculiar markings on the corn blades.

PISCATORIAL KNOWLEDGE.

Habits of a Fish That Were Exceedingly Disappointing.

"Yes; an' he's a whopper, too. I ain't quite sure whether I've hooked him. Yes, there he is. I feel him a-wrigglin' on the line. He's a great big striped bream."

"How do you know what kind of a fish it is?"

"How do I know?" repeated the old man, as he began slowly and deliberately to haul in his line, and he threw supreme pity for the ignorance implied by the question into his voice. "How do I know? Why, young man, I can tell what kind of a fish it is by the way he bites. Now, there's an eel; he kind o' makes little bits of pecks at yer line, and then he takes hold and swims away with your line, sort o' easy like. Then there's the pike; he sucks yer bait, an' ye can't hardly feel him pull. An' then there's the perch; he takes hold right away and swims off like a streak."

"And how does the bream bite?" interrupted the young man.

"Oh, he monkeys around a whole lot and then he takes hold all of a sudden and swims away down stream. I knowed right away when this fellow took hold he was a bream. I never made no mistake. I——"

Just then the old man's catch came to the surface. It was a cast-off boot. —Tit-Bits

On the Train.

First Passenger—Beg pardon, but what are you reading that you find so interesting?

Second Passenger—It's an article showing the terrible effects which are likely to follow reading in a moving railway car. It is very interesting, and so convincing, too. (Proceeds with his reading.)—Boston Transcript.

In a Chicago Drawing Room.

"Who is that man to whom Mrs. Muchwed is speaking? She seems to know him very well. Is he a connection?"

"A distant one. She was, I believe, his second wife."

Not His Own.

"What a beautiful watch Bunker carries!"

"Yes, but it doesn't belong to him."

"How do you know?"

"I heard him say it was a half-minute slow."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

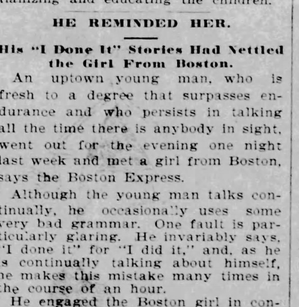
TWO AFRICAN MONARCHS

Summoned Home From Their Studies in America.

Two African rulers sailed on the Cunarder Lucania yesterday for their native land. One went to recover a province wrongly taken from him; the other to strengthen his province, now weakened by a long and bitter war. The two are cousins.

Precedence in rank is taken by the younger of the two. Prince Momolu Massaquoi, who has already ruled for nearly two years, whereas his cousin, Prince Besolow, has never mounted the throne that is rightfully his. Prince Momolu has had an adventurous history, says the New York Sun. First trained in the mysteries of the Grigribush, a sort of black art school of the Vei people, in proof of which he can show a hundred scars of the torture knives, he afterward became Christianized and came to this country. His mother was then Queen Regent of the province of Jabasca in the Vie territory, northeast of Liberia. While the young prince was pursuing a college course in an institution in Tennessee he received word of his mother's death.

The Panas, a warlike neighboring tribe, had attacked the queen's village, and she had been forced to flee to the woods. The Jabascans, who are ordinarily a peaceful people, are very brave when aroused, and when they found their queen missing, they beat back the invaders. For ten days they searched the woods for her, and on the



PRINCE MOMOLU MASSAQUOI.

eleventh she was found, speechless from hunger and privation. Two days later she died. Prince Momolu's 18-year-old nephew, who assumed the throne in his absence, sent word to him to come back at once.

"The Panas are threatening our upper border," he wrote. "A famine is in the land. The people are crying out for the king to return. Come back and avenge the death of your mother the queen."

The prince returned, collected his fighting forces, and in a fierce battle signally defeated the Panas. That was eighteen months ago, but still wandering detachments of the Panas keep up a guerrilla warfare. Meantime the new ruler instructed his people in agriculture, and succeeded in relieving the famine. He returned to this country on business of state, and is now getting back to endeavor to conclude definitely the Pana war. His first business on reaching his native land will be to meet in convention the other native princes, and with them and the representatives of Great Britain and the Liberian government, and the Pana leaders, to effect a treaty of peace. Prince Momolu believes that there is a great future for his country. Not only is the soil fitted for cultivation, but it is said that rich gold deposits lie there. Some day the prince hopes to establish government gold mines. The great curse of the country, he says, is the liquor trade, most of the wars arising from drunken quarrels between chiefs. The prince is about 28 years old. He is a dark negro, with a high forehead and an intelligent face. In speech and manner he is like any well-bred young American.

His cousin, Prince Besolow, is 25 years old. He had been a student in Williams college, and was summoned a short time ago to assume the throne which should have been his fifteen years ago. His father was king over a tribe of 150,000 Veis, and his mother was the favorite among 250 wives. Like his cousin, Prince Besolow is a graduate of the Grigribush, or Lowsemby, as his tribe calls it. In 1879 his father died, and his uncle, Danlu Saw, became his guardian. He usurped the throne, and after fifteen years of rulership has become tired of it. The Panas have been very bothersome, and have carried away in raids not only his wives, but even his cattle. He wants peace and quiet now, and some time ago he wrote to his nephew to return and assume a throne somewhat out of repair. So the prince is on his way to his principal village of Bendoo. His first efforts will be to foster agricultural pursuits and simple manufactures. Then he will endeavor to educate his people.

Both the princes have ambitions to Christianize the Veis. They realize, however, that it cannot be done at once. The doctrines of the Grigribush have taken too deep root in rulers' more to accomplish their end by Christianizing and educating the children.

HE REMINDED HER.

His "I Done It" Stories Had Nettled the Girl From Boston.

An uptown young man, who is fresh to a degree that surpasses endurance and who persists in talking all the time there is anybody in sight, went out for the evening one night last week and met a girl from Boston, says the Boston Express.

Although the young man talks continually, he occasionally uses some very bad grammar. One fault is particularly glaring. He invariably says, "I done it" for "I did it," and, as he is continually talking about himself, he makes this mistake many times in the course of an hour.

He engaged the Boston girl in conversation and told her some fairy tale about something or other that had happened to him. When he got through she expressed surprise that such a thing could happen, and asked him:

"Did you really do all that?"

"I done it," replied the young man, proudly.

Then he branchehd into another romance.

This was even more startling than the first. The girl from Boston listened patiently, and, when he had finished, politely expressed her great astonishment. "Why," she said, "can it be possible that you did anything so wonderful?"

"That's what I done," replied the young man chucking out his chest as he made the remark.

The great success of his two stories spurred him to other efforts, and he recited another condensed dime novel for the benefit of the girl from Boston. When he had finished the girl said: "Oh, do you know, you remind me so strongly of Banquo's ghost?"

"You mean the ghost in the Shakespease play?" inquired the young man in a hesitating sort of way.

"Yes."

"And why?"

"Don't you remember that Macbeth said to him: 'Thou canst not say, I did it?'"

And until this day the young man does not know why everybody laughed.

Londoners Unearth a Fraud.

Editor—Where did you work last?

Applicant—I was on a London paper.

"What did you do?"

"Wrote editorials on American affairs."

"Why did you leave?"

"Discharged."

"What for?"

"They found out that I had lived in the United States long enough to know something about it." — New York Weekly.

Utterly Incompetent.

Clara—I understand you have a new president for your sewing society?

Cora—Yes; the former one was incompetent.

"You don't say"

"Yes; she said she couldn't understand what any of us said when we all talked together."—Yonkers Statesman.

She Kept the Presents.

He—Instead of a breach of promise suit, suppose we mutually call it off. You return me my letters and presents.

She (after reflection—Well, I am willing to meet you half way. I will return the letters.—Town Talk.

Our New Serial Story.

Copyright, 1894.

THE SWORD OF FATE

BY HENRY HERMAN,

Author of "Through Golden Fire," "Scarlet Fortune," "His Angel," "Eagle Joe," "For Old Virginia," "The Great Beckleswaithe Mystery," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

Through the good offices of Sir Andrew Weale and one or two others of the magistrates who had tried poor Ralph Usselby, the stricken wife had been granted the special grace of being allowed to accompany her husband on his journey to Broadmoor.

"Whatever may betide I will be near him," she said. "I will live as near him as they will let me. I will be at the door of the prison every day until God may grant that he may be restored to us."

Friendly enquiries elicited the fact that she might rent a small house at the village of Crowthorne, where the state criminal asylum of Broadmoor is situated, and Mrs. Usselby—for so I will continue to call her, the weight of facts notwithstanding—at once made up her mind to take up her residence in that Berkshire village.

But the poor woman had over-estimated her strength. She had passed days of torture by her husband's side. For a month she had known but little sleep, with the terrible fear gnawing at her heart-strings. She had lain awake night after night in anguish and in prayer, until at last the frail body broke down under the agonizing strain, and on the very day when Mr. Ralph Usselby was taken by rail to Berkshire his wife lay prostrated by fever.

Frank and Grace, having to choose between journeying with the father, where they could be of little, if any, help, and watching beside the sufferer close by, elected to stay at Usselby Grange. Grace herself was nearly worn out by the fatigue, and Frank had his hands full of matters connected with his father's affairs. The autumn was one of the brightest and balmiest known for years, even in favored Devon. The old family physician from Tavistock perceived immediately that all his patient required was rest. The fever had been brought on by over-excitement, and with repose strength and health would return. But alas, the racked mind would wander towards those Berkshire pinewoods where the man whom Mary Usselby loved most on this earth was kept behind high walls. Thus recovery was slow. News came daily nearly from friends who made special enquiry at the asylum about the prisoner's state of health—reassuring news that even gave vague hopes of improvement, but a couple of weeks passed before Mrs. Usselby could leave her couch.

The legal expenses in connection with the case had been tremendous, and Frank had been unable to draw upon his father's account.

The steady-going old-fashioned banker at Tavistock shook his head sorrowfully when Frank explained his position.

"I cannot do it, Mr. Usselby," he said. "One never knows where this class of proceedings may lead to. I can't allow your father's account to be drawn upon without your father's signature."

"But then, there are the securities," suggested Frank, and again the man of money shook his head.

"They are again your father's" he said, "and unless you have a power of attorney I do not see how I can hand them over to you."

In this emergency Frank had instructed Huncoat to pay all moneys coming from the mine into his own (Frank's) account instead of as heretofore, into Ralph Usselby's.

Huncoat had immediately acquiesced and the arrangement was from that day forward carried out scrupulously. Frank was waiting for the proceeds of a large quantity of copper ore to be paid into his account, to enable him to send considerable sums to Mr. Allerton, and to the London firm of solicitors whom he had employed.

The business arrangements of the Great Griffin mine worried him considerably. Huncoat was all that duty and allegiance required. He was as attentive and as seemingly zealous as ever, and had he been Frank's best friend he could not have shown more courtesy and solicitude.

Frank had to admit that his manager did not overstate the case by one iota when he said:

"Of course you will hold me indemnified, Mr. Frank, if any claim should be made against the estate. You will admit that I am placed in an awkward position. You will forgive me for speaking about it, but you are, I have no doubt, aware that as a matter of law you are not Mr. Usselby's son."

Frank's cheeks paled a trifle under this direct assault.

"I know that very well," he replied, hoarsely; "but there is no claim, and there can be none."

"I hope so," rejoined Huncoat. "I sincerely hope so for your and Mrs. Usselby's sake. Believe me, in any and every emergency I will do all I can to assist you."

He had left the young man pondering. What would happen? What could happen if a claim were made against the estate; and by whom could such a claim be made?

The worry about his mother's health, and the ever-present horror about his father's imprisonment, drove all thoughts of money and money's worth from Frank memory. He thought no more about them until on the morning when the lawyers were to receive their cheques. Huncoat came to him with a long face.

Frank had no sooner set his eyes upon him than he knew that mischief was brewing somewhere.

"What's the matter now, Huncoat?" he asked. "Unless your faces belies you, the news you bring are none of the most pleasant."

Huncoat shook his head.

"I was afraid of it all along," he said. "I have been dreading it for weeks past."

"Out with it, man," cried Frank, "let me know the worst."

For all reply, Huncoat handed the young man a document in legal form and legal style.

It was not very complicated.

It was a notice from James Macintosh, solicitor, to Daniel Huncoat, as representing Ralph Usselby, a lunatic, notifying Daniel Huncoat that a petition had been presented in lunacy for the proper administration of the lunatic's property and estate, and requiring Daniel Huncoat to pay no moneys and hand over no property belonging to the lunatic to any person whosoever without the consent of the court or of the committee to be appointed.

Frank stared at the document in his hand, and at last flung it from him as if it were a poisonous snake.

"This is monstrous!" he exclaimed, in spite of himself. "It is wicked. Who should admister my father's property better than myself? For what better purpose could it be used than for his defense? You know, Huncoat, better than any man alive, that I am not wasting it—that I am not spending it extravagantly."

Huncoat's face was a study. It might have served for a model for many an overrated popular comedian.

"I am grieved, really grieved, Mr. Frank," he said, with a great sigh, "that I should be the bearer of such distressing news. If you can show me any way—any legal way—by which I can ignore this notice, you may command me. I agree with you, it is, as you say, monstrous, absolutely disgraceful. I wonder who can have originated these proceedings. Have you an idea?"

"I have none," was Frank's reply, "and it could help me but little if I knew. How am I to get over this? How am I to pay Allerton?"

"I really do not know. I am awaiting your instructions."

Frank, sitting in his father's study, borne down by this new misfortune, had not seen Grace, who had heard all that had passed between him and Huncoat.

She stole softly to her lover's side.

"How much do you owe Allerton?" she asked in a quiet, even-toned voice.

"Don't trouble about that, my dear," Frank answered. "It is worrying the life out of me, but, there—it does not concern you."

"How much do you owe Allerton?" she insisted tenderly, but firmly.

"Since you will know," Frank replied, "over £1,400."

"And you can't pay it?" she questioned.

"I could have paid it, and more, if a new misfortune had not been sprung upon me."

"And Mr. Allerton is not rich, is he?" she continued in her queries, "and he wants the money, I suppose, badly."

"Yes," said Frank, "he does. But, there, now, leave me. I must get over it somehow."

Grace left the room without a word, but went upstairs and put on her hat. She had a horse saddled for her, and rode to Alton Ferres. At the railway station there she sent a telegram to the manager of her bank at Plymouth as follows:—

"Sell consols to cover £1,400 and pay £1,400 to Allerton, solicitor, Plymouth, or account of Frank Usselby.—Grace Repton."

Frank was amazed beyond measure when on the following morning he received a letter from Mr. Allerton, stating that the bank at Plymouth had paid him £1,400 by Miss Grace Repton's instructions. They were at breakfast when the letter came, and breakfast had of late been a very sad and solemn function. The morning postman had seldom been a welcome visitor. The tidings of all their added troubles invariably came in that man's bag, and both Frank and the whole family dreaded each recurring arrival.

When the young man had read about his sweetheart's sacrifice, his heart, already full to overflowing, went out to her, and he rose silently and crossed over to her and kissed her on the forehead.

"You have beggared yourself to help me, Grace," he said, "for £1,400 must be nearly all the money or money's worth you have in the bank."

She replied with one of her brightest and sweetest smiles.

"You are mistaken, Frank," she rejoined. "I am great at figures, you know. I have added up, and I have subtracted, and I find that I have at least £150 left in hard cash."

"I don't know what to do, Grace," said Frank, "I ought not to allow you to risk your money."

She looked at him with all her love gleaming in her big eyes.

"What nonsense you are talking now," she said. "I am the most mercenary little woman in the world. Consols pay me barely three per cent, and I am going to charge you heavy interest—compound interest—and, what is more, I will make you pay it, that is when you are rich enough again."

He could do nothing but kiss her again and sit down and ponder.

A few moments reflection had brought to his lips the name of the only man who could have instituted the proceedings against him.

He knew Mark Usselby to be erotchety and untrustworthy on many points. He knew him to be ungrateful, and without a single feeling of charity or kindliness. But the young man could not get himself to believe that Mark could be so wicked or dishonest as to petition the judges in lunacy against the lunatic's wife and son.

"He knows dad would bitterly resent such a course, if he ever recovers his faculties," he said to himself. "He dare not do the worst."

Yet Marian Guay's words kept ringing in his ears—"Tell that woman who calls herself your wife that she is not your wife. Tell your son, of whom you are so proud, that he is a bastard, a nameless bastard." The wretched young man knew full well that the law, the merciless law, did not even acknowledge his existence or the existence of his mother, but he could not persuade himself that anybody would be so inhuman as to set the law in motion.

Huncoat was distressingly polite, nauseatingly ready with words of sympathy, but doggedly firm.

"I would risk anything, Mr. Frank," he said, "if I saw a way, but it would be contempt of court, you know, imprisonment, and the Lord knows what; and you know as well as I do that Mr. Mark is not the kind of gentleman who would show me any mercy. His grievance against your father, you know, is of old standing."

"Yes," returned Frank, unable to control himself, "it dates back to his birth. I have always looked upon that as a sort of bad joke."

"I am afraid you will find it bitter earnest now, Mr. Frank," was the agent's answer. "He has applied to the court to be appointed a committee to administrate your father's property, and there is no defense against that."

"That has to be seen yet," said Frank. "My solicitors have their instructions."

"No instructions you can give them will be of the slightest avail. I am afraid," said Huncoat. "The law does not recognize you or Mrs. Usselby either as having the slightest claim upon Mr. Usselby's property."

Frank clenched his fists and set his teeth hard, but was silent.

The first signal indication that Mark had made up his mind to be as severe as the law allowed him came a few mornings afterward. Frank had sent some eight or ten horses and a couple of carriages to Plymouth to be sold by auction.

Money had to be raised by hook or crook to pay the London solicitors, and neither the horses nor the carriages were immediately required. The sale had been advertised in the newspapers, and in the usual way by bills on the walls.

Frank was standing by the Lodge of the Grange, talking to the lodgekeeper, when he saw the horses and carriages brought back by the Plymouth auctioneer's servant.

Amazed beyond measure, he asked the reason for this proceeding, and a note was handed to him.

"Dear sir," it ran, "we are sorry to have to return to you the items sent to us for immediate sale. We have been warned by Mr. Mark Usselby that they are the property of your father, Mr. Ralph Usselby, a lunatic, whose sole trustee is Mr. Mark Usselby, and we have been told that we would be held responsible for any loss that might occur through the sale of the said items, and we have been ordered to return them to Usselby Grange. We are, therefore, reluctantly compelled to comply with the request so formally made, and return the animals and carriages herewith."

Had misfortune an added sting left?

CHAPTER XII

Huncoat was not the kind of man to allow the grass to grow under his feet. It might have puzzled an even shrewder man than Frank Usselby to know how the Plymouth auctioneers had received such early and peremptory orders. As a matter of fact, the notice had been made out and sent to Huncoat from London some days before the judge in lunacy had delivered his judgment, and Huncoat had sent it to Plymouth on the receipt of a cypher telegram that Mark had been appointed.

Frank's London solicitors probably thought that bad news traveled fast enough, and had not hurried themselves to inform their client that he was penniless and nameless. They had waited until the day after the decision of the court had been given out, to write their formal letter, and thus Frank was still without official intimation of his last misfortune.

Two gentlemen were closeted with Mr. Daniel Huncoat at his office at the Great Griffin mine. One of them was Mark, the other was a portly man with a round pug-nosed face, on every line of which the oil of benevolence seemed to cream as luxuriantly as the pomatum and brilliantine with which his scanty hair was saturated. That hair was a study in itself. It was a rebellious hair, straight and springy like horse-hair, and of an indefinite color, which swayed doubtfully between the hues of yellow clay and Thames mud. In spite of the confining bonds of cosmetic and greases, it very often set its owner at defiance, and when the portly gentleman became voluminous in his eloquence, as often happened, the front part would start straight up and peremptorily refuse to lie in smooth harmony with the rest of its skin.

The portly gentleman was smoothly shaven on his large drooping upper lip, but a broad beard of a hue and substance similar to his hair surrounded his face and gave him the appearance of looking out of an elastic frame. He wore massive gold spectacles, through which his small grey eyes blinked continuously. His dress was of the most sober and most respectable. The best of black broadcloth, frock-coats, black broadcloth trousers, black satin waistcoat, displaying a vast area of unblemished shirt front. Spotless, snowy, high-standing collars, a shining black satin stock of the old-fashioned kind, completed an appearance which was calculated to find credence in the hearts of the most skeptic.

There were few men who at first sight were not inclined to trust Mr. James Mackintosh implicitly; but there were fewer who having so trusted him did not regret it.

He was not of the class who turn up their eyes and pretend to be models of piety and righteousness. He knew the world and the world's ways at this end of the nineteenth century far too well for that. That game was played out—he used to say life affected a subdued mimic of the real fin-de-siecle kind. He admitted that he was an habitual frequenter of theaters, that he approved of the nude at the academy, and even went so far as to confess that he enjoyed a rollicking music hall song, and did not mind a game of billiards on a Sunday.

"Make yourself out to be just a little bit shady," he said to his confidantes, "and people will think you devilishly honest for admitting so much; but pretend to be virtuous and all that nonsense and they will suspect you on the spot."

And knowing the world as he did, Mr. James Mackintosh was right.

The trio was sitting round a big writing table in Huncoat's office; Mark drumming upon the woodwork with his fingers as usual in his impatience, and Huncoat reading some three or four documents which Mackintosh had brought him.

One of the papers had an especial interest to him, and had been wrung from the struggling Mark by the cunning solicitor before he proceeded with the case. It appointed Mr. Daniel Huncoat manager for Mr. Mark Usselby as he had been for Mr. Ralph Usselby, but at a very considerably higher salary, and for a period which Mark had not the power to determine. In addition to these advantages it gave Huncoat such ample powers as to nearly make him the master of the Usselby estate.

Mark had kicked and fought against signing this document, but as Mr. Macintosh said, "it was either taking or leaving it. Mr. Huncoat finds the means for making this application, and Mr. Huncoat must have an equivalent for his services and his risk," and Mark, seeing no way out of it, had acquiesced. Another document was an agreement signed by Mark for the sale to a Mr. Abel Bawlinder, of the land on which the old Rosemary mine stood, and of the mine itself, and all the minerals it contained for the sum of five hundred pounds.

Mr. Abel Bawlinder was Mr. James Mackintosh's shark. He was a solicitor, and had been lucky enough, in spite of sailing very close to the wind, to keep his name on the rolls. Whenever there was work to be done which Mr. Mackintosh thought too dirty even for his unclean hands, Mr. Abel Bawlinder did it for a very small consideration. One reason that weighed very heavily with Mark in the signing of the agreement; he was to be paid the purchase money of the old Rosemary mine, minus Mr. James Mackintosh's legal expenses, at once—and as a matter of fact he had signed the agreement fully three or four days before he was appointed trustee of the estate.

He had to learn from Mr. Mackintosh the truth of the old adage that promises are made to be broken. Not a penny did Mr. Mackintosh disgorge before the case was decided, and then he handed Mark a bill of costs and expenses amounting to £270, together with a promissory note at three months for £230.

Mark had remonstrated furiously but had never for a moment ruffled Mr. Mackintosh's oily serenity of temper.

"The final conveyance won't be executed for three months, and nobody can say whether or nay before the end of those three months you may not be dead, Mr. Usselby, or another trustee appointed in your place."

But these contingencies were so dreadful to contemplate, that they had the effect of oil upon the troubled waters of Mr. Mark's mind, and in the end Mr. Mackintosh consented to discount his own promissory note, and to hand to the wrathful Mark his check for £170.

Mark had immediately invested £150 of that sum as a cover for the purchase of 150 shares in the Juanita Gold mine, about the prospects of which a friend had given him secret information.

It may, therefore, be surmised that the documents before him proved pleasant reading to the mining agent. When he had perused them to their finish, he laid them on the table with a sharp tap.

"That's very good, Mr. Usselby," he said, "and I trust that henceforth my relations with you will be as pleasant as they have been with your brother and his son."

Mark resented Huncoat's patronizing air, but he knew full well that he had signed a document which to a large extent placed his fortunes in Huncoat's keeping.

"My turn will come," he said to himself, "all in good time."

"Have you decided what you are going to do about Mrs. Usselby and Frank?" asked Huncoat.

Mark turned away coldly and looked through the window at the blue sky and the green treetops outside.

"I know no such persons," he said with a shrug of the shoulder.

Huncoat went to the door, looked out into the next room, and seeing that a half-dozen clerks were busily occupied writing and figuring, he carefully left the door wide open and returned to his seat.

The conversation had, ere this, been carried on in whispers nearly, but now Huncoat was fired with the spirit of Christian charity, corresp

DAKOTA'S WIND CAVE

MAMMOTH CAVE IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

Rival to Kentucky's Wonder Being Deeper and Larger—None Have Found the End of It.

A wonderful cave was discovered by a cowboy in 1884, and named "Wind Cave," from the roar of an outrushing current of air at the entrance. The original opening was an oval-shaped hole about eight by twelve inches across. Soon the hole was enlarged to eighteen by thirty inches. Nothing further in the way of development was done until the spring of 1890, when the present owner made an entrance easy by blasting out the solid rock. Since that date explorations have been made, until at this time about 2,100 subterranean chambers, of various sizes and shapes, have been found, connected by 17 miles of passages.

Enough has been learned to justify the popular verdict that Wind cave is the largest and most wonderful cave in the known world. It is situated about twelve miles north of Hot Springs, N. D., and about fourteen miles northwest of Buffalo Gap.

The entrance to the cave is covered by a small pine shanty. When within 50 or 60 yards of this the outrushing current of air sounds like the roar of a large waterfall. Before entering the cave, the guide fitted me out with a rubber suit and hat. These suits are worn to prevent the grease from the candles spoiling one's clothes. As soon as the door was opened my candle was blown out and my hat sailed out into the canyon. I secured my hat and we entered. It was impossible to carry a lighted candle, so I held on to my guide's coat, and we felt our way down stairs. At the bottom of the stairs we came to a passage leading off to the left.

Mysterious Wind.

This passsage was pitch dark, but

THE DEVIL'S PIT IN DAKOTA'S CAVE OF THE WINDS.

still the wind was so strong that we could not light our candles.

After following this passage three or four hundred feet, we passed into a small chamber; I found the wind had ceased blowing, and we lit our candles. Strange to say, after this small chamber is reached there is no more wind in any part of the cave.

A walk of about five minutes brought us to the large chamber called the "Postoffice." This is the most remarkable freak of nature. The sides and top of it are covered with hundreds of natural stone cubbies about the size of ordinary postoffice boxes; almost every tourist who has visited the cave has left a card or envelope in one of the boxes, until the chamber looks like a real postoffice. After leaving the "Postoffice" we passed many passages, leading off in all directions. The guide informed me that these passages were several miles long. Again we came to a stairway leading downward; we descended to another floor, with many passages leading off in all directions. "This is floor No. 2," said my guide. Again we descended down, down, down, until floors Nos. 3, 4 and 5 were passed.

"This," said the guide, "is Floor No. 6, and the bottom of the cave, 350 feet below the surface of the earth."

The air is just as pure here as it could possibly be outside the cave. On our return, before the entrance was reached, we had to crawl through a small hole from one chamber to another. This hole they call the "Fat Man's Misery." Some time ago a fat man tried to crawl through but stuck fast in the hole, and it took his friends four hours to get him out.

Up to this date they have never been able to find the end of this remarkable cave.

350 Feet Underground.

I looked around me, and what a sight! Large passages leading off in all directions; mammoth chambers, with snow-white walls; huge banks of snow lay all around us; but when I touched them I found that instead of snow they were solid rock. Myriads of miniature stalactites sparkled and glittered like diamonds as the light fell upon them. Enormous stalactites, as large around as my body, hung above us. Looking up, I could see large black holes, but could not see the end of them; looking down, I could see deep, dark pits, some of them 40 feet wide. Ghostly shadows were everywhere, and a deathlike stillness prevailed that made the cold chills creep. The guide led the way to the side of one of the deep, dark holes near us, and then picked up a rock as large as a bucket and threw it into the hole. Down, down, down it went, but we never heard it strike bottom.

"This hole we call 'The Devil's Pit.' We have let down hundreds of feet of rope, but have never been able to find the bottom," he said. Again we passed on.

"This is the 'Snowstorm Chamber,'" said my guide. The small formations of white rock on the black walls of the cave gave this room the appearance of a snowstorm. Next we entered "The Queen's Drawing Room." Here beautiful white draperies hung from the top of the chamber, and the walls were a solid mass of glittering particles of white rock. Leaving the Queen's Drawing Room, I am sure no queen ever lived who possessed an apartment so magnificent—we came to a narrow passage, and just in front of the opening lay an enormous turtle, with head erect, as if startled by our coming. This turtle is four feet or more across its back; but it is solid rock, and is Mother Nature's own work.

The Garden of Eden.

We soon reached the "Garden of Eden." The top of this large and beautiful chamber is a solid mass of glittering stalactites, and the walls are covered with white crystals, with little branches about two inches long, which resemble spun glass.

This chamber is beautiful beyond description. The "Garden of Eden" is three miles from the entrance of the cave.

Next we visited the "Pop Corn Room," where it looks as if some one had thrown a cartload of popcorn against the walls and it had stuck there and petrified.

The "Confectionery Department" is a chamber with its walls covered with small white and brown rocks, which look exactly like chocolate caramels.

The "Petrified Waterfall" looked as if a waterfall had burst through the top of the cave and been instantly turned into stone.

Taking another passage we soon came to the "Big Lands."

The enormous chambers of the Big Lands contain one and two acres each. In the center of one of these chambers we found a small lake, about ten feet long, six feet wide and twelve inches deep. The water came down, drop by drop, from a large stalactite which hung down from above. This miniature lake is the only water to be found in the cave.

We were now eight miles from the entrance of the cave and 350 feet below the surface of the earth.

The air is just as pure here as it could possibly be outside the cave. On our return, before the entrance was reached, we had to crawl through a small hole from one chamber to another. This hole they call the "Fat Man's Misery." Some time ago a fat man tried to crawl through but stuck fast in the hole, and it took his friends four hours to get him out.

Up to this date they have never been able to find the end of this remarkable cave.

LOVE BY TELEPHONE.

Misfortunes of a Blonde Young Man With a Bass Voice.

Everybody was busy except the blonde young man with the bass voice His girl works at the telephone exchange, so he called her up.

"Do you know who this is?" he whispered in a tone like a buzz-saw going through a pine knot.

Even a blind man would recognize that voice, passing like a ship in the night, but of course she didn't know who was talking, and she probably said so. At any rate he remarked:

"What's that? No, of course, this ain't your cousin. This is me—you know."

This revived her recollection, for he seemed pleased and continued:

"Yes, it's me. Hey? I knew you hadn't forgotten me."

Then she said something else.

"Why, sure. Hey? Yes, I always said so. You don't say? That was a nice fellow you were out with last night."

She seemed to agree to this, for he said:

"Yes, a widower and baldheaded and—"

At this point she said something else.

"Suppose he has got $5,000 in the bank. He's got six children, too."

This didn't seem to faze her.

"Like children, do you? Huh! Well you ought to get acquainted with those brats."

She evidently expressed a partiality for brats.

"Well, if you like 'em, I've got nothing to say. Say it again. Hey? If you prefer a baldheaded widower to me, why—"

From the way the blonde young man squirmed around at the end of the telephone there was no doubt that she also said something.

"Well—but—you know, I didn't mean to offend you. What's that? Oh, of course," and the sarcasm in his tone could be scraped off with a knife. "I'm to blame because I'm not a baldheaded widower with six children—"

From his repeated attempts to get in a word edgewise it was plain that he was hearing some vigorous remarks.

"Yes, I know I'm as poor as a church mouse. What? Why didn't you say so before? Very nice of you to mention it now. How did you find it out all of a sudden? Hey? What's that? Perhaps I shall have $5,000 in the bank when I'm a baldheaded widower with six—"

Every one in the room could imagine there was liquid fire running over the wire at this time. The blonde young man seemed to be gasping in amazement while the receiver remained glued to his best ear. Finally he broke in:

"Well, you needn't worry about it. Huh? You don't say? Well, I won't be there. I'm not in the habit of foreing my company upon anybody. What? You shall have them; never fear. I'll send both of them to-morrow. Yes, I said both. I burned up the rest. Huh? Well, don't you forget to return that ring. Oh, of course."

Then the blonde young man hung up the receiver with a vicious jam, and there were sulphurous fumes issuing from his mouth, and he was so glum during the rest of the day that the office boy suggested that perhaps the blonde young man was in love—St. Louis Republic.

Biddy Sitting on Five Kittens.

An attendant at the Rome State Custodial Asylum a day or two ago found a hen with singular maternal tastes. The hen had shown a great predilection to sit, and was finally found on a nest in the barn. The attendant took her out of the nest, and was amazed to find that she had been sitting on five wee kittens. The hen evinced so strong an affection for her queer family that it was almost impossible to keep her away from the nest. In spite of the pains taken she was back on the nest again the next day, but all except one of the kittens had been taken away. It is supposed that she came across the kittens in their home, and, after driving the mother away, adopted them as her own, and that when she was taken off the nest the old cat carried all but one of her kittens away.—Rome Sentinel.

He Was Mistaken.

"Will you kindly pass me the butter?" said a guest at the hotel to a pompous looking man on the other side.

"I'm a gentleman," he retorted, as he beckoned to the waiter.

"That's what I thought when I asked you," said the first man, quietly.—Exchange.

That Tired Feeling

So common at this season, is a serious condition, liable to lead to disastrous results. It is a sure sign of declining health tone, and that the blood is impoverished and impure. The best and most successful remedy is found in

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, healthy blood, and thus gives strength to the nerves, elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain and health to the whole body. In truth, Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes The Weak Strong

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills. 25c.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Intending Authors.

A young lady at Long Prairie, Minn., writes: "I am a girl 16 years old, and a reader of The Blade. I should like to become an author. What could I get for a good love story composed of about 19,000 words? Could I get the most for it by selling it to a magazine or a newspaper?"

There is no fixed price for such work. There is at least ten times as much good literary matter, especially in the line of fiction, offered for sale each year as there is a market for. Hence prices are low, unless an author has made a name for himself. A writer whose name is well known to the reading world, and is popular therewith, can get good prices; while an unknown writer, a beginner, who has a name to make and a place to win, finds the greatest difficulty in getting before the public. The usual way is to send the story by mail to some magazine or periodical, including the proper amount of postage for its return, if not accepted. When it comes back, try another, and so on.

Here is a thing our girl correspondent does not seem to know; that fiction writing is an art, which needs practice, and considerable of it, before success can be attained. Another thing is, that a girl of 16 has not the knowledge of life, the experience of human passions and emotions, to make her successful as a writer of love stories. Write short sketches, of 1,000 to 2,500 words, and try them on the editors. Don't expect to make any money out of them, for you will be disappointed; but you will thus get practice, and if you possess the qualities needed to make you successful as an author, after a few years you will make a name. Your handwriting is plain, but it betrays inexperience; and you divide words incorrectly. You have divided the word "mcst," for instance, with "mo-" at the end of the line, and "-st" at the beginning of the next; and two other divisions quite as bad. You must learn to do better than that. A word of one syllable can not be divided, and other words must only be divided between syllables.

The "Kitchen Cabinet."

C. O. Z., Lee, O., asks: "Can you give me any information as to what is meant by the 'Kitchen Cabinet,' when it existed, and why so-called?"

The "Kitchen Cabinet" is a name applied to a certain circle of intimate friends of President Andrew Jackson. These friends were said to have more influence with the President than his official Cabinet. The principal member of the Kitchen Cabinet was Duff Green, of St. Louis, who established the newspaper, The United States Telegraph, in Washington. This paper was the President's organ until 1831, when Green, siding with Calhoun against Jackson, lost the latter's confidence. The Globe, John C. Rives and Francis P. Blair, editors, then became the President's organ, and Blair became a member of his Kitchen Cabinet. Other members were Wm. B. Lewis, of Nashville, who was appointed second auditor of the treasury; Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire, who was made second comptroller of the treasury, and Amos Kendall, of Kentucky, who was made fourth auditor of the treasury, and finally in 1835 joined the official cabinet as postmaster general. The term has also been applied to certain advisers of President John Tyler and of President Andrew Johnson, but Jackson's Kitchen Cabinet is meant when the term is used without qualification.

What Free Coinage Is.

A correspondent asks this question: "What is free coinage? I hear many who, I think, do not understand it. I understand we have free coinage of gold; if I take my bullion to the mint, I get what it will coin, less a small fraction for the work. Now, under free coinage of silver, would I have for 52 cents worth of bullion a $1 silver certificate?"

Your idea of the free coinage of gold is correct. "Free coinage of silver" is the same thing exactly. You would take silver bullion to the mint, and for every 416 grains of standard silver in it get a silver dollar, less a small amount to pay

Talmage's Sermon.

WHIMS OF FASHION STRANGLE MANY MEN.

Dress Drives Out Religion and a Woman's Gay Ribbons Often Denote Financial Ruin.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now in Melbourne, Australia, on his round-the-world tour, has chosen as the subject of his sermon for this week through the press, "The Tragedy of Dress," the text selected being 1 Peter 3:3-4, "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and the wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart."

That we should all be clad is proved by the opening of the first wardrobe of paradise, with its apparel of dark green. That we should all, as far as our means will allow us, be beautifully and gracefully appareled, is proved by the fact that God never made a wave to be gilded it with golden sunbeams, or a tree, but he garlanded it with blossoms, or a sky but he studded it with stars, or allowed even the smoke of a furnace to ascend but he columned and turreted and domed and scrolled it into outlines of indescribable gracefulness. When I see the apple orchards of the spring and the pageantry of the autumnal forests, I come to the conclusion that if nature ever does join the church, while she may be a Quaker in the silence of her worship, she never will be a Quaker in the style of her dress. Why the notches of a fern leaf, or the stamen of a water lily? Why, when the day departs, does it let the folding doors of heaven stay open so long, when it might go in so quickly?

Men are as much idolators of fashion as women, and they sacrifice on a different part of the altar. With men the fashion goes to cigars and club rooms and yachting parties and wine suppers. In the United States the men chew up and smoke one hundred millions of dollars' worth of tobacco every year. That is their fashion. In London, not long ago, a man died who started in life with seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but he ate it all up in gluttonies, sending his agents to all parts of the earth for some rare delicacy for the palate, sometimes one plate of food costing him three or four hundred dollars. He ate up his whole fortune, and had only one guinea left; with that he bought a woodcock, and had it dressed in the very best style, ate it, gave two hours for digestion, then walked out on Westminster bridge and threw himself into the Thames, and died, doing on a large scale what you and I have often done on a small scale. But men do not abstain from millinery and elaboration of skirt through any superiority of humility. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. What would sashes and trains three and a half yards long do in a stock market? And yet men are the disciples of fashion just as much as women. Some of them wear boots so tight they can hardly walk in the paths of righteousness. And there are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, and who go through the streets in great stripes of color like animated checkerboards. I say these things because I want to show you that I am impartial in my discourse, and that both sexes, in the language of the surrogate's office, shall "share and share alike." As God may help me, I shall show you what are the destroying and deathful influences of inordinate fashion.

There are clerks in stores and banks on limited salaries who, in the vain attempt to keep the wardrobe of their family as showy as other folk's wardrobe, are dying of mortis, and diamonds, and shawls, and high hats, and they have nothing left except what they give to cigars and wine suppers, and they die before their time and they will expect us ministers to preach about them as though they were the victims of early piety, and after a high-class funeral, with silver handles at the side of the coffin, of extraordinary brightness, it will be found out that the undertaker is cheated out of his legitimate expenses. Do not send to me to preach the funeral sermon of a man who dies like that. I will blurt out the whole truth, and tell that he was strangled to death by his wife's ribbons! Our countries are dressed to death. You are not surprised to find that the putting up of one public building in New York cost millions of dollars more than it ought to have cost, when you find that the man who gave out the contract paid more than five thousand dollars for his daughter's wedding dress. Cashmeres of a thousand dollars each are not rare on Broadway. It is estimated that there are ten thousand women in these two cities who have expended on their personal array one thousand dollars a year.

What are men to do in order to keep up such home wardrobes? Steal—that is the only respectable thing they can do! During the last fifteen years there have been innumerable fine businesses shipwrecked on the wardrobe. The temptation comes in this way; a man thinks more of his family than all the world outside, and if they spend the evening in coming to him in superior wardrobe of the family across the street, that they cannot bear the sight of, the man is thrown on his gallantry and on his pride of family, and, without translating his feelings into plain language, he goes into extortion, and issuing of false stock, and skillful penmanship in writing somebody else's name at the foot of a promissory note; and they all go down together—the husband to the prison, the wife to the sewing machine, the children to be taken care of by those who were called poor relations. Of for some new Shakespeare to arise and write the tragedy of human clothes.

Insatiate fashion also belittles the intellect. Our minds are enlarged or they dwindle just in proportion to the importance of the subject on which they constantly dwell. Can you imagine anything more dwarfing to the human intellect than the study of fashion? I see men and women, who, judging from their elaboration, I think must have taken two hours to arrange their apparel. After a few years of that kind of absorption, which one of McAlister's magnifying glasses will be powerful enough to make the man's character visible? They all land in idiocy. I have seen men at the summer watering places, through fashion, a mere wreck of what they once were. Sallow of cheek. Meager of limb. Hollow at the chest, showing no animation save in rushing across the room to pick up a lady's fan. Simpering along the corridors, the same compliments they simpered twenty years ago. A New York lawyer at the United States hotel, Saratoga, within our hearing, rushed across a room to say to a fashionable woman, "You are as sweet as peaches!" The fools of fashion are myriad. Fashion not only destroys the body, but it makes idiotic the intellect. The most ghastly death-beds on earth are, the one where a man dies of delirium tremens and the other where a woman dies after having sacrificed all her faculties of body, mind and soul in the worship of fashion. My friends, we must appear in judgment to answer for what we have worn on our bodies as well as for what repentance we have exercised with our souls. On that day I see coming in Beau Brummel of the last century, without his cloak, like which all England got a cloak, and without his cane, like which all England got a cane; without his snuff-box, like which all England got a snuff-box—he, the fop of the ages, particular about everything but his morals; and Aaron Burr, without the letters that, down to old age, he showed in pride, to prove his early wicked gallantries; and Absalom without his hair; and Marchioness Pompadour without her titles; and Mrs. Arnold, the belle of Wall street, when that was the center of fashion, without her fripperies of vesture.

And in great haggardness they shall go away into eternal expatriation; while among the queens of heavenly society will be found Vashti, who wore the modest veil before the palatial bacchanalians; and Hannah, who annually made a little coat for Samuel at the temple; and Grandmother Lois, the ancestress of Timothy, who imitated her virtue; and Mary, who gave Jesus Christ to the world; and many of you, the wives and daughters of the present Christian church, who, through great tribulation, are entering into the kingdom of God. Christ announced who would make up the royal family of heaven when he said, "Whosoever doeth the will of God, the same is my brother, my sister, my mother."

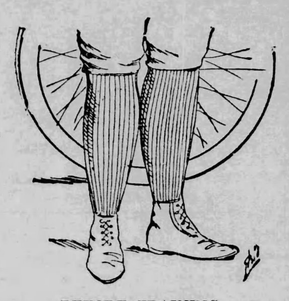
CALVES OF CYCLISTS.

An Interesting Phase of the Enthusiasm for the Wheel.

Those captious critics who rave against the bicycle hump and proclaim it is the beginning of all sorts of ailments from consumption to corns should ease their troubled minds during the hot weather by abandoning all discussion of the hump and substituting calves.

No matter how handsome in face a wheelman may be, nor how fetching is his expression, be his figure attenuated he should never don racing regimentals if he desires to retain the respect, if not devotion, of his young women friends.

The constitutional right to criticise and poke fun which is enjoyed by



BEFORE TRAINING.

the great American public to the utmost limit finds a legitimate object of attack in their calves. The thoughtless are apt to jump to the conclusion that bicycle riders, as a rule, are more attenuated than the average citizen.

There are absolutely no grounds for such a belief. The truth of the matter is that the average citizen is accustomed to take as his standard a pair of calves that are puffy with fat and flabby from lack of exercise, and regard them as standards of beauty and grace.

The wheelman who does not work beyond all reason has an ideal pair of calves, says a writer in the New York Morning Journal. Of course, they apparently lack development, but in fact they are trim and hard, as nature intended they should be, without the superfluous fat that grows upon a pair of legs that are suffering of an acute attack of that tired feeling.

There is no exercise in the world that is so beneficial to the legs as wheeling. The professional and amateur sprinters and long-distance runners were long supposed to possess legs of an ideal mold, but it has been shown that such exercise is too violent, and even the natural limit of contraction and beautifying is passed.

This process of reconstructing calves by means of bicycle riding is simple, harmless and gradual. The beginner will, as a rule, have a pair of leggings that from the knee down have about as many lines of grace as are to be found in a dump scow. The point where the calves should bulge out in fine lines is filled with soggy fat, and the superfluous tissues extend below the ankle.

The effect of this layer, or chunk of fat, is to conceal the graceful curves, and in their place is to be

AFTER TRAINING.

found an awkward, shapeless something that is enough to scare innocent children and drive the lover of the artistic to a premature grave.

After riding a bit the novice will find that the muscles of his legs will get very sore, which is an indication that they have awakened to a realization of the fact that they are cumbered with fat and are in revolt thereat.

By and by the soreness will become less, which is a sure sign that the angered muscles have about concluded their successful attack on the flabby tissue, and with the disappearance of the soreness there will be seen a pair of calves that can be examined under a glass without suffering any diminution of their beauty.

Of course nature in distributing calves did not bless every mother's son with a pair of prize winners, but all the same an allopathic dose of the bicycle will have the effect of increasing the pride of their owner, no matter how they are built.

TO SAVE THE GLASS.

Why Windows in New Buildings Are Daubed With Paint.

"I have often wondered," said a man to Underwood Armstrong, the well-known builder, according to the Detroit News, "why the windows of a new building are daubed with soap or paint as soon as they are put in. I have taken notice of new buildings for years, and never knew it to fail, whether on business streets or away out in the suburbs. It can't be done to prevent people from looking in, because the marks usually consist of a rough circle or cross in the center of each window pane. I wish you would explain the mystery."

"That is easy enough," replied Mr. Armstrong. "It is done to save the windows."

"To save the windows!"

"Yes. You see, the men at work in a new building are often careless, and get into the habit of throwing things out of the windows, or poking around with long boards and things that stick out through the window sash. Now, unless they know a window has been put in they perhaps wouldn't see it, especially plate glass windows. Or they may be told, and forget. During all the time the building has been in course of erection there has been no glass in the windows, and the glass is liable to get smashed, either from the inside or outside, unless people know it is there. So they daub soap or paint on the windows. It's the same thing as saying: 'Look out, or you'll break the glass.'"

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers use Syrup of Figs.

A Quick Return.

"Mamma!" said a little Pittsburg boy, rushing into the room with an air of one carrying valuable information.

"What is it, dear?"

"Did you know that Brown's little baby was dead?"

"Yes, dear, I heard of it. Are you sorry?"

"Yes—but, mamma, it was only three days old."

"I know, love."

"But don't you think God would be surprised to see it coming back so soon?"—Truth.

Night's Ministry.

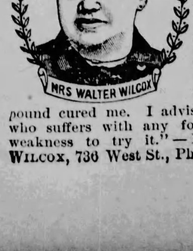
Night's holy drops no mortal priest has blest;
Her balms unnamed steal o'er the smarting breast;
The round-globed moon, out of a broad, bare sky,
Beams like a human mother's pitying eye.
—Dora Read Goodale, in Lippincott's.

A Lucky Girl.

Cora—That Summers girl is awfully lucky; she's always finding something.

Clara—What has she found now?

"Why, she got into an elevated train yesterday evening, and found a seat."—Yonkers Statesman.



"Those Female Ills can be cured. I suffered long and severely. *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound cured me. I advise any woman who suffers with any form of female weakness to try it."—Mrs. WALTER WILCOX, 736 West St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

Edgerton's Battery.

PART FOUR.

While at Murfreesboro we were paid off. From here we marched to Shelbyville, a distance of 25 miles. We remained here a few days, then marched on to Fayetteville, about 30 miles. We remained here a few days, then marched on to Huntsville, Ala., some 30 miles farther south. Here we struck the Memphis & Charleston railway, one of the military roads of the South. From here we were sent to Decatur, Ala.; here we crossed the Tennessee river on a railroad bridge; the bridge was a fine structure, one-half mile in length. We remained here about a week, and learning that a large force from Pittsburg Landing were moving to attack us, and thinking that we could not hold the place against so large a force, we vacated the town, burning the railroad bridge behind us. While waiting in the town for our turn to cross the bridge Jesse Chapple, who was always hunting around like a roaring lion seeking something to devour got into a store and found a barrel of brown sugar. Filling our haversacks and everything that would hold sugar we found another barrel of better sugar, so we dumped out the first and filled up with the other. We went back to Huntsville, Ala., and then made a forced march to Athens, Ala., a distance of 30 miles. Here the Eighteenth Ohio had been guarding a trestle works and were attacked by Morgan's rebel cavalry, firing from the windows. The Eighteenth was driven back several miles when they met reenforcements. They turned around and all started for the town. We entered the town without any opposition, the inhabitants were quiet. General Turchi, commander of the brigade, said: "Now, boys, I will shut my eyes for two hours and you may do what you d—d please." We broke ranks and scattered all over town, some entering stores and private houses taking what ever they had a notion. John Cox got a watch and some money, Ben Marshall got seven coffee mills and about 20 pounds of tobacco, Ben took that back to camp and went back to the store, where he met Loveland with a bundle of whips as big as he could reach around. He said: "Here, Ben, take these whips I have heard of something in the cellar." So Ben took the whips and every man he met took a whip, and by the time he got to camp there was not a dozen left.

Reigler got a nice pictorial Bible which he said was the best Bible in the army. Department "F" took up quarters in the nicest house in town. It was a two-story brick with a cupola on top, pictures of all the noted races, and hunts, hung on the walls of the cellar. There were billiard tables, bowling alleys, and in fact all kinds of games. Men used the cellar for a dining room and kept the wenches cooking night and day until the grub gave out. The man had a stable of running horses. The boys would take the horses out and have scrub races. Department "F," with about twenty of the Fourth Ohio cavalry and a company of the Twenty-fourth Illinois, were detailed to go to Columbia some 60 miles. The first day's march took us to the Elk river, which was about twenty-five rods wide at that point but was quite shallow. When we went in to camp we could hear the bugle of some 1,500 cavalry. The next day about noon we captured two men; one of them was a cousin of the rebel, General Buckner. We reached Columbia that night, remaining there a day for the wagons to load up. The next morning we started on our return to Athens with a provision train some five miles long. We made the trip in about three days. Whenever the officers saw a citizen they would make him fall in, and march along with the rest. The general said he was not going to have them sizing up his force, but made them march until within a few miles of camp when he let them go back.

The 24th of May, '62, on the return march to Athens, we heard that Oliver Clark was captured at Pulaski by Morgan's raiders while returning to his department from the hospital. After remaining at Athens a few days we started for Fayetteville, Tenn., a march of about 36 miles. While here Alonzo Caswell returned to Department "F" from the hospital, while at Fayetteville we received five months pay. Then we started for Chattanooga, a march of about one hundred miles, which took us about five days. We had position on one of the bir hills and fired 53 rounds into the rebels fortifications. Department "F's" howitzer dismounted a rebel cannon and killing several men. Our raid on Chattanooga was an effort to release Andrews, the leader of the engine thieves, but he was taken to another place, and, leaving Chattanooga, we returned by a circuitous route to Shelbyville and from there to Fayetteville. We left Frank Perkins sick at a farm house. We were now with Colonel Starkweather's brigade. From here we marched 25 miles to a place called Pleasant Planes and from there to Athens. There we loaded on to the cars and rode over and through the mountains to Stevenson, a distance of 85 miles, and from there we marched to Battle Creek, a distance of 15 miles, and went into camp. Here we found the rest of the battery, and were changed into Colonel Sill's brigade. We remained here about six weeks. Our deporture was quite sudden. About an hour after taps the officer came around and gave the order to prepare to march but be very quiet, no loud talking, cannon and caisson were to be muffled, and the small bridge across Battle Creek to be covered with corn-stalks so as not to be heard by the rebels just across the Tennessee river. Thus we left Battle Creek, Tennessee. We marched the rest of the night north up the Tennessee valley. The next day we entered Sweden's cave and commenced to climb the Cumberland mountains. We worked nearly all day and only got part of the battery to the top of the mountain.

(To Be Continued.)

Popular "Pap" Thomas.

As the war recedes from us the men and events of those days begin to assume their proper proportions and perspective. In the armies, North and South, perhaps more than in any other armies that ever existed, the affection of the private soldier for his officer, and particularly for his commanding general, partook often of the nature of adoration. There were a few generals—able, conscientious men, too, like Halleck and Buell in the North and Bragg and Pemberton in the South—who seemed never to have gained the affection or confidence of their men. Great and successful as Grant undoubtedly was, it cannot be said that the men in the armies he commanded regarded him with the same warm affection that the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia bestowed on General Lee, or "Mauss Bob," as they lovingly called him.

When the prejudices of the war have died out and the impartial historian sits down to portray the grand characters in that stirring drama no figure will stand out with more prominence or be regarded with more admiration than that of the Virginian, George H. Thomas. When the war broke out Thomas showed himself larger than his state and as great as the nation that had educated him. With a moral courage that even his opponents admired he refused rank and preferment in the service of the Confederacy and remained true to the Union.

To Gen. Thomas we owe the first great victory of the war, that of Somerset, on the banks of the Cumberland. To him also we owe the first great victory in the West, or rather that series of victories which resulted in the overthrow of Hood's army and forever prostrated the power of the Confederacy in the Mississippi Valley. The world has already recognized Gen. Thomas's genius as a great military leader. Had he been more ambitious, or if he had had strong political friends behind him, as had some who passed him in the race for promotion, the close of the war might have found him in a higher rank. But he was not a man who cared for promotion. He had no ambition beyond duty, and he permitted no impulse to move him that had not its origin in pure principles and sound patriotism.

With a handsome person and a manner that begat confidence and induced affection Gen. Thomas, with less commanding military ambitions, would still have been the idol of his army. Although a young man when the war began, men older than himself came to regard him as a senior, and the soldiers who carried bayonets or wielded sabers spoke affectionately of him as "Pap." The men came to him and expressed their wants, and he took them into his confidence—he had them already in his heart—and he showed that the arduous duties of his position did not blunt his sympathies nor make him indifferent to their needs. Gen. Sherman, at the time of the death of his great comrade in 1870, eloquently said: "Gen. Thomas had no children of his own, but every man in the Army of the Cumberland called him father, and felt toward him as a son."—J. T., in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Information Wanted.

Any old soldier who was an inmate of the Cumberland Hospital, Nashville, Tenn., during 1864, and who could identify Maurice McGrath, of Co. H, 88th Regt. Ill., will greatly oblige by corresponding with him at Farmersville, Ill.

A CHARMING WRITER.

"Curtis Yorke," the Popular English Novelist.

The charming writer, who, as "Curtis Yorke," is known to so many readers, bears in private life the name of Mrs. John Richmond Lee. Born and educated at Glasgow, where her father, the late John Jex Long, was a prominent citizen, she is, nevertheless, of English origin, her father being a native of Norfolk and her mother of Yorkshire. She wrote stories from her earliest childhood, and was given to copying disjointed scraps on her exercise books at school, but it was not until after her marriage with Mr. Richmond Lee, a mining engineer, which took place in 1881, that she wrote a complete novel. This, her first work of fiction, "That Little Girl," was in one volume, and was written partly in Glasgow and partly in Moffat, during the latter part of the year 1885. In 1886 it appeared in all the glory of print, and is now in its fourth edition.

Mrs. Lee's first short story, "A Drawn Game," was written in the winter of 1886, and appeared in Temple Bar. She was fortunate in at once securing public favor.

Her subsequent stories and her novels sell well, and have passed into various editions. Among them her own preference is for "Hush," published by

CURTIS YORKE.

Bentley in 1888, and "A Romance of Modern London," issued by F. V. White, in 1891.

Curtis Yorke's method of working is interesting. She generally makes a man the central figure of her story, and, taking his character, develops it. She then sketches in the other characters, blocks out the incidents and chapters, and leaves this framework for a time while she identifies herself with the whole idea. At intervals she jots down such scenes as come vividly before her. Her next proceeding is to write out the whole thing in pencil and read it aloud to her husband. If he approves she writes it once more in pencil, with any suggestions and improvements, and finally makes a fair copy in ink.

Mrs. Lee reads a great deal, but, besides the many noteworthy new books, she has many old favorites that she reads over and over again. Among these she reckons Plato, Emerson, and George Eliot. During the eight years that "Curtis Yorke" has pursued the vocation of a novelist she has published ten books, the last being "Between the Silences," which issued from the press in April last.

FERRIS, THE ENGINEER.

The Man Who Built the Famous World's Fair Wheel.

A tall, slender gentleman of quiet manner, who can be found every evening at the Engineers' Club, in Twenty-ninth street, and by day at his comfortable rooms in the Everett, is Ferris, the engineer whose name is indissolubly connected with the mammoth toy which was the central attraction of the World's Fair. Mr Ferris has this little four million pound toy on his hands just now, but will set it up in New York as soon as he succeeds in outwitting the real estate agents who want the value of available lots for their annual rental. He is not worried about the future of the wheel. When he designed this world beating merry-go-round his brother engineers tapped their heads significantly and intimated that the wheel was in the designer's head. When the World's Fair closed and the inventor had a little matter of 300,000 "wheels" to his credit in the bank, they all sighed for an attack of similar delusion. Mr. Ferris without his wheel is in receipt of an enormous annual income as the inspector of 90 per cent. of the steel used in the country in the construction of buildings. He is a man of simple tastes, a scholar and the most companionable of club men.—New York Advertiser.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Gen. Grosvenor Got the Better of Mr. Pendleton.

In the course of the debate last Saturday on the bill to dismiss railway postal clerks, Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, was giving the House the benefit of his knowledge of the expedience in the postal service as far as appointees in his own district were concerned. He thought that if the bill were amended so as to require the old employes to pass an examination and grade 50 per cent., not one of the dismissed clerks, who, of course, were all Democrats, would come within a thousand miles of getting back.

"The gentleman is a distinguished member of Congress," said Mr. Pendleton, of West Virginia; "does he think he could pass the examination required to enter the railway postal service?"

"I think so," said Mr. Grosvenor, "if the gentleman from West Virginia had to put the questions."—Washington Post.

A Slim Mackerel.

A mackerel with a rubber band—a sort of primitive corset—around its body has caused much comment at Gloucester, Mass. The band has evidently been put on when the fish was small and had stayed there in spite of its rapid growth. Under the band the fish's body had not grown and the depression was about three inches deep. The band was sound and flexible and the fish was in a healthy condition.—New York Tribune.

There's one tooth-wash, the ladies' pride,
Beloved by belles o'er every "wash" beside;
One dentifrice there is supremely blest,
A sweeter, better one than all the rest;
And you will find, in very land the same
That SOZODONT's its old, familiar name.

GEMS IN GREAT CAVES

THE OLD TURQUOISE MINES OF NEW MEXICO.

Where Montezuma Got His Jewels—Workings Deserted and Sealed Up Centuries Ago but Since Reopened.

Among the crown jewels in Spain are some remarkably fine turquoises whose history is of special interest to Americans, particularly those living in California and the West.

Some time ago, when passing through New Mexico, a few San Domingo Pueblo Indians approached the train and held up a handful of turquoises, offering to sell them by a unique measurement—25 cents for a mouthful, this being the receptacle in which the gems were carried, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

These specimens of turquoise are not as might be expected, remarkably fine, but among them real gems are often found. The point of interest is that New Mexico is or has been a valuable turquoise-producing district in the past, and in all probability the gems, or some

THE PUEBLO TURQUOISE DRILLER.

of them, were collected by the ancestors of these Indians, who to-day haunt the railway stations to eke out an existence by selling the cheapest grade of these stones from the old mines.

When the Spanish invaders first came to this country they found the turquoise a favorite gem among the natives, valued higher even than gold. When the ambassadors from Montezuma brought their treasures to San Juan de Ulloa they included four turquoises, or chalchihuitls, which were valued at an enormous sum.

Torquemada thought the gems emeralds, and is the authority for the statement that the stone was offered in the temple to the Goddess Mathalcueye. And to further illustrate its value it is said that when Alvarado and Montezuma gambled the former paid in turquoises when he lost, and received the gold if he won.

Worked by the Spaniards.

Coronado's visit to Cibola resulted in the discovery of certain turquoise mines which the natives had worked in all probability for years, and that these are the mines known to-day as the turquoise district, Cochise county, A. T., and the mine at Los Cerillos, New Mexico, there can be but little doubt. In both these localities there are ancient mines and in the New Mexican districts are the wonder caves, worked by the ancients, which were sealed up and undiscovered.

That the Spaniards took possession of the mines and used the Indians as miners there is good reason to believe. It is known that in 1680 the mines caved and entombed many Indians, causing a rise against the Spaniards. The mountain which makes conspicuous the turquoise mine at Los Cerillos, N. M., is called Chalchihuitl. By the ordinary observer the mine would be taken for a gravel pit, into which project jagged points of rock. Careful examination shows that the work has been carried on here for years, and a cavity 300 feet in depth and 400 feet in width has been worked out. Growing in the mesa, as of debris are great pines and cedars, suggestive of the fact that the accumulation was made very many years ago. On many of the pieces that lie about stains of bluish green are found in the rock and careful search discloses fine veins of turquoise.

In 1880 an American company took hold of the old mine and tried to develop it, but the plan soon was abandoned. When the Pueblos found the Americans at work they protested, saying that it was a sacred place. Finally, when their appeals were not noticed, they offered to purchase all the turquoise taken out. The Americans pushed on the work and soon found unmistakable evidence that this was the source of the old supply. Search in the old debris resulted in the discovery of various specimens, all pointing to great antiquity.

In the Wonder Caves.

But the most interesting finds are the so-called wonder caves, which are really old tunnels made by the ancients and sealed up when deserted. They were found in the east side of the mountain and were totally unsuspected, as they had been hermetically closed and skillfully concealed. The caves are down twenty or twenty-five feet below the surface, running 1,000 feet from the apex of the mountain. They are from 30 to 35 feet in width, and rise to a height of six or eight feet. When standing on top of the debris heap in the bottom, they appear to radiate from a common center.

When the investigators crept into these mines, there were great expectations. From the care with which they were concealed, it was supposed that some great treasure had been concealed, but the only treasures were implements of archaeological value. The men found 22 feet of rubbish before their feet struck sand, and six to eight feet above, showing that the original clearing had been a hallway nearly 30 feet in height.

The walls of this hall were beautifully traced in places with gold-bearing quartz and delicate lines of turquoise, so that the discoverers at first thought the vhad found a cave of treasures instead of wonders. The roof was carefully supported by pillars from 8 to 25 feet thick. Down among the refuse they found bits of ancient Aztec pottery dotted with pieces of turquoise and shells, showing how they had been used to form the mosaic.

The investigators supposed, from the traces of gold, that the mine could be worked for that alone, but the attempt was given up, and now is worked only by the Indians and a few whites, who produce only enough turquoise to sell along the railroad to curiosity-seekers.

Some of the objects of ancient use found in these and other ancient mines are very curious. At Los Cerrillos, the debris covers several acres. Here have been found several objects, from idols to Aztec pottery. A hammer taken from the Mystery caves, which weighs thirteen and three-tenths pounds, shows how the rock was detached.

An example of how the turquoise was used is seen in a prairie dog of white stone with turquoise eyes, near Temple A. T. A zuni jar was found containing a shell obtained from some coast Indian. This was coated with asbestos and dotted with plates of turquoise and garnets, so that it took the shape of a Mosaic toad.

Among the human remains found was the skull, evidently of some great chief, that was covered with inlayings of turquoise, the eyes being represented by marble-shaped objects of pyrites. There were also rings made from the whirl of a shell, inlaid with turquoise, and long strings of beads in various shapes as charms to hang about the neck. Similar strings, cut into heart and other shapes are sold to-day, and a string of 150 or 200 stones is valued as a fair exchange for a pony or horse.

In this country the principal turquoise-producing localities, besides those described are Mineral Park, Mohave county, A. T.; Columbus, Nev.; Holy Cross Mountain, Col., and Taylor Ranch, Fresno county, Cal. In none of these places is mining carried on to any extent, or except in a desultory fashion. Tourists are sometimes deceived by Connecticut turquoise, which is made by simply staining certain stones the right color.

Nothing Strange.

Intelligent people, who realize the important part the blood holds in keeping the body in a normal condition, find nothing strange in the number of diseases Hood's Sarsaparilla is able to cure. So many troubles result from impure blood, the best way to treat them is through the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla vitalizes the blood.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

Midsummer Despair.

"You must be careful about your diet," said the physician. "Don't take any ice-water."

"No ice-water!" echoed the invalid. "Not a drop. And don't take any beverage but water."

"That's pretty hard."

"And don't take any exercise that you can help."

"But I'll get fat in two weeks!"

"It makes no difference. And don't take any——"

"Hold on, doctor. I'll go back on my first principles for summer hygiene."

"What are they?"

"Don't take any medicine or advice. Take your chances."—Washington Star.

The Sunday School.

First Disciples of Christ.

LESSON VIII., AUGUST 19, 1894.

Golden Text: We have found the Messias, which is, being interpeted, the Christ.—John 1:41.

(John 1:35-49. Memory verses: 40-42.)

Study connection in verses 19-51.

35. Again the next day after, John stood, and two of his disciples;

36. And looking upon Jesus as he walked, saith, Behold the Lamb of God!

37. And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus.

38. Then Jesus turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye? They said unto him, Rabbi, (which is to say, being interpeted, Master,) where dwellest thou?

39. He saith unto them, Come and see. They came and saw where he dwelt, and abode with him that day; for it was about the tenth hour.

40. One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother.

41. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias, which is, being interpeted, the Christ.

42. And he brought him to Jesus. And when Jesus beheld him, he said, Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, a stone.

43. The day following Jesus would go forth into Galilee, and findeth Philip, and saith unto him, Follow me.

44. Now Philip was of Bethsaidi, the city of Andrew and Peter.

45. Philip findeth Nathaniel, and saith unto him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.

46. And Nathaniel said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see.

47. Jesus saw Nathaniel coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.

48. Nathaniel saith unto him, Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee.

49. Nathaniel answered and saith unto him, Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel.

Illustrative Applications.

The two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus (v. 37). What a man thinks, all by himself, is a matter of importance to himself; what a man says in the presence of others, is a matter of importance to others as well as himself. Indeed, a man's chief work in this world is through his influence upon others. Every man has his disciples, his learners, those who are taught by him, and over whom his words have more or less power. It behooves a man to think right in order that he may speak right, and to speak right in order that those who are influenced in the right direction. What we say to others about Jesus may be the means of bringing them into his loving service for always.

Jesus beheld them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye? (v. 38). There are different causes of following Jesus who is worthy of attention. A good man may be followed by an enemy from a desire to injure him; he may be followed in suspicion and doubt; he may be followed from mere curiosity; he may be followed in the hope of purely personal gain; he may be followed in loving devotedness. The following may be a good sign, or it may be an evil sign, on the part of those who follow. The test question is that of Jesus to John's disciples, "What seek ye?" That question is pertinent to every follower of Jesus to-day, for there are various motives, both good and ill, on the part of those who follow him.

Andrew findeth his own brother Simon. He brought him unto Jesus (vs. 40-42). It would seem the most natural thing in the world to urge one's own brother to share in one's faith before looking elsewhere for a new believer. Yet, as a matter of fact, one is more likely to shrink from speaking on the subject of personal religion to a brother who is out of Christ than to one who is a comparative stranger. The reason for this is that one often hesitates to urge the importance of a truth he is supposed to illustrate, but which he feels he represents unworthily. Andrews seems to have avoided this difficulty by saying nothing about himself to Peter. His whole talk was about Jesus. If Jesus were more prominent in the thoughts and words of believers, there would be less thought of self, and less of harrassment on that score, in pleading his cause with those who are yet aloof from him.

Jesus said, Thou art Simon: thou shalt be called Cephas (v. 42). A name stands for one's self. This is even so in our day, and among us; it was more so among the ancient peoples of the East, where a name was commonly descriptive, and where a change of circumstances or a change of character often brought a change of name. There is nothing which so changes character and so might justify a change of name, as a change of attitude toward God, or toward God's representatives. So long as Jacob looked out for himself, with all his shrewdness he was but a scheming Supplanter. As soon as he rested himself absolutely on God, he became a Prince of God. Simon the son of John, before he followed Jesus, was but a humble fisherman; devoting himself to the Son of God, he became a Rock built into the very foundations of the new plans of the universe. The young man who has choicest human savings and richest earthly possessions, is as nothing for the future unless he is a consecrated follower of Jesus; once possessed of a purpose of absolute devotedness to Jesus, he enters the sphere of usefulness of Israel and Peter, and all the nobler children of God.

Jesus saith . . . Follow me (v. 43). Faith includes works; loyalty involves service; love carries devotedness. It is not merely that, if we have trust in another, we ought to conform our conduct to the directions or suggestions or wishes or example of the trusted one; but it is that, if our trust is a reality, it will show itself in our conduct. It is folly for a child to tell of his love for his mother if he has no regard to her wishes; it is folly for a patient to say that he believes in his physician, if he pays no attention to that physician's prescription; it is folly for a soldier to say he is devoted to a commander whom he will not obey in the heat of a campaign; it is folly for a man to say he has faith in Jesus if he does not seek to follow Jesus. Jesus says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments" and that is only another way of saying, "If ye love me ye will keep my commandments."

Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? (v. 46). It is a great pity that this way of estimating the value of suggested truth is so common in our day. "Can a minister know anything about science?" is the sneering question on one side. Yes; and on the other side the equally scornful question often comes, "Can a scientist who is not a Christian believer bring out facts that a Bible student ought to ponder?" "Is there any truth worth considering in the outside religions of the world?" asks some "orthodox" believer, who answers his question in the negative before he asks it. And some "liberal thinker" puts this question, in a like spirit of confident denial, "Is any 'orthodox' truth worth believing in these days of religious progress?" It is the old spirit, and much the old question of the provincial bigot of Judea, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Philip saith, . . . Come and see (v. 46). That is the best way of meeting any question about truth. Discussion over a matter that only one of the parties has looked into is not likely to bring about an intelligent agreement of opinion. A personal examination into the subject itself, by the one who raises the question, is worth more as a help to a right view than a world of wordy arguments. Do you doubt whether there is anything worth considering in the claims of Chirstianity, or in the symbolisms of the ethnic religions? in the teachings of orthodoxy, or in the latest revealings of science? in the methods of the Salvation Army, or of the Church of Rome's "missions?" "Come and see." There is no appeal to the outsider more likely to be effective from an earnest believer in Jesus, than a prayerful, loving entreaty, "Come and see."

Whence knowest thou me? (v. 48.) At the best, we are so by ourselves in this world, we are such a bundle of contradictions to ourselves, and we are so liable to be misunderstood even by those who have best opportunities of judging us fairly, that sometimes it seems to us we can never be fully known by anybody. Yet, with our longing for sympathy and appreciation from others, we sometimes wish that we might be read through and through, so that our better side and our nobler aspirations, as well as our weaker and least worthy phases of character, might be seen by those who are to judge us. Then it is, perhaps, that there comes the startling conviction that one whose judgment we value, but by whom we hardly dared hope to be fully known, sees and knows us as we are. There is an inspiration and a comfort in such a conviction; and the heart cries out in grateful surprise, "Whence knowest thou me?" "How is it that you understand me so well?" Whether any of us have had this experience, or not, with a human friend, we can all of us have it with the Friend of friends. Jesus knows us through and through; he understands us as we are; and he loves us, not only in spite of his knowledge of us, but because of his sympathetic appreciation of our highest possibilities—by his grace.—H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.

A GREAT INDIAN CHIEF.

Was the Friend of the Whites During His Century of Life.

The death of Naganab, the chief of the Lake Superior Chippewas, a few days ago at Fond du Lac reservation, near Cloquet, Minn., removes one of the most picturesque figures in the early history of Minnesota and of the whole Northwest, says the Chicago Tribune. He was, at the time of his death, nearly 100 years old, and during his whole life he made his home near the shore of Lake Superior. He saw its merchant marine grow from the rude birch bark canoes of the early French voyageurs who pushed on into the West from the Jesuit mission station at Mackinac to the great freighters of the last few years. He saw the country over which he had hunted in its native wildness built over with mills and factories, busy mining camps and populous cities, and, saddest of all, he lived to see the country over which he had reigned as king pass into the hands of strangers, while he was left to die in poverty.

During his hundred years of life, Naganab, though always a king to his own people, was successively a subject of France, England and the United States, and during the entire time he was the friend and ally of the white man. He recognized very early the ultimate result of the coming of the strangers, yet did nothing to retard the end. He approaches much more nearly than is common the romantic ideal of the

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1894.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 126,000

OUR PREMIUM OFFER EXTENDED.

About the beginning of July was inaugurated the greatest labor strike ever known in the history of our country. While this strike did not extend to every part of the country, it was of such importance as to create consternation and alarm in the minds of the people of this whole great nation. But little else has been thought of during the greater part of July, and consequently little time was given to raising clubs for our July premiums. We are daily receiving some clubs, but not enough to take one-quarter the number of our premiums. In justice to those who are competing, it would be unfair for us to call off the offer; but on the other hand we want enough competitors at least to take the whole number (160) of premiums. We have therefore decided to extend the time to September 1. This will not work injustice to any one. It will give time for new workers to enter the field, and those who have already made a good start, can augment their number largely during August. This statement will show to those who gave it up without a trial, that it is a simple matter to get one of the premiums, if they will only half try.

HERE'S A SNAP!

Our premium offer as it stood during June and July, rewarded only those who sent us large clubs of three months' subscribers. Those who sent us clubs of ten, or any small number, were not allowed any commission, and besides were at the expense of postage, exchange, etc., to say nothing of time and trouble without pay. Well, at ten cents for The Blade three months we could not afford to pay even a trifling commission, as we do not get near actual cost.

However, we have determined to go one step further, and pay for clubs of ten sent us during August. But little over half of the 100,000 three months' subscriptions we originally offered the public has yet been taken, and we want to see if we can place the remainder before September 1st. Therefore, we now open the race to all who will send us a club of ten three months' subscribers at ten cents each during August, we will mail free to the club raisers a choice of the following books: "The Nasby Letters," "Nasby in Exile," "Reveries of a Bachelor," "Lays of Ancient Rome," "House of the Seven Gables," "Cranford," "The Coming Race," "Dream Life," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "The Scarlet Letter," "Essays of Elia," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Twice Told Tales," "Paul and Virginia," "Story of An African Farm," "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," "Lucile," "Dreams," "Black Beauty," "One of the Profession," "Sartor Resarius," "The Idyls of the King," "The Pleasures of Life," "The Lady of the Lake," "Mornings in Florence," or "Rab and His Friends." All standard works, no trash.

One dollar in current funds must be sent with each ten names. If your club be 20 with $2, select two books from the list; 30 names, three books, and so on. Of course, these clubs to which we award book premiums will not be counted in among competitors for the 160 premiums awarded to largest lists.

We want clubs of ten everywhere. No coupons needed for this competition. Many can send eight or ten clubs of ten during August, and thereby get eight or ten books free. We are prepared for several thousand clubs of ten on this offer, and hope to get them. Don't omit to name your choice of book. Now begin at once. It is possible for some to send a club every week day.

THE NASBY LETTERS.

For some weeks yet we shall be able to supply copies of our book, "The Nasby Letters," to those who send us one dollar for a year's renewal to The Weekly Blade. We shall print no more, but out of about 63,000 copies published we have about 3,000 only left. We advise all desiring a copy of this book to make sure of it within the next month or two.

OUR NEW WATCH OFFER.

In another column will be found a new list of standard gold and silver watches which we offer to our readers at much lower prices than can be obtained at ordinary retail. After nearly two years' experience with these goods we think we know pretty nearly what our readers want. We have, therefore, thoroughly revised our old list, retaining only the best, and adding very largely of better goods, among which will be found a line that have been adopted by the leading railroads of the country for engineers and conductors. We have also added to the list of ladies' watches. We sell several thousand of these watches every year, and excepting a few instances of accident in transportation, all sales have given entire satisfaction. We expect to sell double the quantity during the coming twelve months. To our many new readers we desire to say that we offer from time to time, at lower prices than can be obtained in the regular way, only standard useful and necessary articles—never cheap and trashy goods. We do this solely to benefit our readers, and, by the way, it is a good thing always to be a subscriber of The Blade. Any subscriber will save on one purchase of articles we offer, enough to pay one to ten years' subscription to The Blade. Our sewing machine and watch offers have been the most appreciated. A purchaser of a Blade sewing machine saves money enough in that one transaction to pay for the Weekly Blade more than twenty years.

THE ROMAN CHURCH AND THE RUM POWER.

The indorsement by Mgr. Satolli, the Papal ablegate, of Bishop Watterson's letter, has raised quite a storm in certain circles in the Roman Catholic church. It will be remembered that Watterson, the Bishop of Columbus, withdrew his approbation from any Catholic society that has a liquor dealer or saloonkeeper at its head, or among its officers; and that he will not approve of new societies unless they exclude every one engaged in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors from membership. As these societies can not exist without the approval of the bishop of the diocese in which they are located, it will be seen that Bishop Watterson's action was quite important.

While the indorsement of Satolli has no direct effect anywhere but in Watterson's diocese, its moral effect throughout the country will be great. Especially did it create a stir in New York and Brooklyn. In the metropolis there are 8,986 licensed saloonkeepers, and 4,024 in Brooklyn; and it is estimated that these 13,010 places support, at a moderate estimate, 75,000 people. A very large percentage of these are Roman Catholics, owing to the number of Irish and Germans who engage in this traffic. Satolli's action created much speculation among them as to the course Archbishop Corrigan would pursue—and this was a matter of greater interest because the relations between Corrigan and Satolli are not of the best. The Irish prelate does not like the Italian one, by any manner of means.

The Wine and Spirit Gazette, the New York organ of the liquor trade, fiercely combatted Satolli's action, and in the course of its article challenged Archbishop Corrigan in these words:

> Will it be enforced in the cities of the country? Fully two-thirds, if not more, retail liquor dealers of the country are Roman Catholics. Some of these are liberal contributors to church funds. We appreciate fully the delicate position in which Archbishop Corrigan and the other bishops of the Catholic church in this country are placed by this decree of the Papal delegate. We voice the sentiments of a large majority of the liquor dealers of this city and Brooklyn in saying: "We dare Archbishop Corrigan to enforce in letter and spirit the decree against the liquor traffic just issued by Mgr. Satolli, the Papal delegate." Let the archbishop do it and watch the consequences.

The importance of this bold defiance of and direct challenge to Satolli can be the better appreciated when it is known that the Wine and Spirit Gazette is owned by a stock company, all liquor men, of course; its board of directors is composed of five men, of whom two are prominent and zealous Catholics of New York city. One of them is a wholesale liquor dealer, a most loyal Catholic, very active in all church work, and who very carefully deliberated before taking any step in the matter. The subject was not taken up until the five directors had unanimously declared in favor of that course of action. Archbishop Corrigan was absent at the time the article was published, but as soon as he returned he addressed the following letter to the editor of the paper:

> In reply to your expressed wish, I have the honor to say that I loyally accept the principles laid down by Mgr. Satolli, both in their spirit and in the letter. More than this, no Catholic can refuse to accept them.
>
> As to the fear of consequences, I have yet, thank God, to learn what fear is in the discharge of duty.
>
> Please remember, however, that acceptance of principles is not to be confounded with the blind application of the same on all occasions and under all circumstances. M. A. CORRIGAN.

This diplomatic reply is held by some to fully indorse Watterson's action and that of Satolli, but there are a good many and among them the liquor dealers—who think that the last paragraph indicates that the Archbishop admits the theory but will not adopt the policy—like the political candidate whose views regarding prohibition were demanded from the stump, and who replied that he was "in favor of the prohibition law, but agin' its enforcement." It will be noted that the "acceptance of principles" is made distinct from "their blind application on all occasions and under all circumstances." From this the inference is made that the doctrine of Bishop Watterson does not stand much chance of enforcement in the archdiocese presided over by Corrigan. In this they are probably right; for the Catholic Mirror, of Baltimore, referring to that important "last sentence" in Corrigan's letter, says:

> Of course not, as every just and sensible man will say. Is a man who keeps an orderly and decent saloon, allowing no excess there, who leads an upright and conscientious life, paying his taxes, taking care of his family and attending regularly to his religious duties, no different from the keeper of the dive who violates every law? If so, the act of selling liquor or of manufacturing it is a crime, and wholesale and retail dealers alike are to be regarded as malefactors and outcasts. Archbishop Corrigan holds no such view, nor, we think, does Mgr. Satolli.

There are indications, we think, and have been for some time, that the Roman Catholic church in America is slowly and carefully preparing to set its face against the liquor traffic. The first pointer in that direction was the action of the Baltimore plenary council, in 1885, in adopting a resolution which said: "We call upon all pastors to induce any of their flocks who may be engaged in the sale of liquors to abandon, as soon as they can, the dangerous traffic and to embrace a more becoming way of making a living." Rome never is in a hurry; but if she makes up her mind to oppose the liquor element, she can do more than any other single force to destroy the traffic in the United States, and to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

A NEW POLITICAL FACTOR.

The indications are that a new political factor will appear in the Ohio campaign. The labor organizations will probably fuse with the Populists and thus lend what strength they may possess at the polls to the party of faddists. The outcome of the great railway strike has shown that the great mass of the American people are opposed to strikes and their accompaniments of murder, destruction of property, and inconvenience and expense to the public. The "organized labor" element will now try to obtain political power, if the ideas of its leaders can be carried out.

It is to be regretted that in various states the labor organizations consent to be made a tail to the Populist kite. There is not one of the leading "principles" of Populism that would not prove an injury to the country, and to the misled followers of Populism, if it were carried into effect through legislation. There is no disposition on the part of the people of the United States—and the vast majority of them are outside of labor organizations—to antagonize any sound measure for the benefit of any division of the population. But the great majority are too well informed to support the crazy schemes of the Populists, and ruin themselves and the country thereby.

AT LOW TIDE.

The present time is certainly "low tide" with the industries and commerce of the United States. As the great railway strike of 1877 marked "low tide" of the great depression following the panic of 1873, so the great strike of 1894 probably marks the "low tide" of the depression which had its inception in the Democratic triumph at the polls in 1892.

The fact that the stagnation followed that Democratic victory, and that the two stand really in the relation of cause and effect, is extremely annoying to the Democratic press, and some of the papers of that party are endeavoring to cast the blame still further back, in order to escape the odium. For instance, the Chicago Herald talks after this fashion:

> The expenditures of the United States government during the last fiscal year exceeded the receipts by about $74,000,000. There was this deficit under the McKinley law.
>
> If this law remains in force and there is no further legislation to provide revenue there will be another large deficit this year.

This is a silly evasion. The "McKinley law" went into operation in October, 1890. It was intended to reduce the revenues, so as to avoid the accumulation of a "surplus," which was just then the bete noire of Democratic demagogues and newspapers. It did reduce the revenues, because it added largely to the number of articles on the free list, sugar being among them. Every one recalls the fall in the price of sugar as the result of this action. As we do not produce enough sugar at home to control the price of the imported article, a sugar duty can not be protective. It is merely a revenue duty, and such duties are always paid by the consumer. We did not need the revenue, hence sugar was placed on the free list.

But to return to the main point. The McKinley law produced abundant revenue to meet all the expenditures of the government through the fiscal years 1891, 1892 and 1893. And it would have done so now, and indefinitely, had the trade conditions remained the same. But it is evident to even a dull intellect that if, from any cause, the imports are largely reduced, the amount of revenue from customs will be diminished. If we import, for example one-quarter less this year than we did last year, when the duties produced $200,000,000 revenue, it is obvious there will be a deficit of $50,000,000. Is it the fault of that tariff law that this deficit occurs?

That is exactly what happened during the fiscal year ended June 30 of this year. Our imports decreased nearly one-third and a deficit of about $74,000,000 is the result. Now, what caused this decrease in our imports? Nothing else but the fact that the Democratic party came into power at the November election of 1892. And why? Because that party has for years been demanding a low tariff, a "tariff for revenue only." Every manufacturer, every importer, every wholesale merchant, every retailer, understood what that would mean. It meant that there would be a large increase in the importation of goods; that, as these goods are made with cheaper labor than ours, there would have to be a re-arrangement of our productive industries, upon a lower level of wages, in order that we might produce more cheaply.

The importers and merchants saw that it was not wise to import dutiable goods except as they were demanded for immediate sale, for a change in the tariff might not only wipe out all possible profit but subject them to positive loss. Hence our imports fell off, for the general stagnation and curtailment of trade, of which this was a part, also curtailed the ability of the people to buy, and there was not so large a demand for foreign goods as there was in prosperous times. So our imports were cut down almost a third, and the revenue from customs were reduced in like proportion.

The manufacturers all saw, too, that to buy raw material and work it up into goods for future sales would inevitably subject them to loss. So mills and factories curtailed production one after another; the stocks of goods on hand were reduced as fast as a market could be found for them; manufacturing was curtailed to production for immediate consumption; and the result of all this preparation for the conditions that will rule under a low tariff we are all familiar with. We see it in the condition of things in the industrial and commercial world to-day.

We believe the process of discounting the effects of Democratic tariff legislation is about complete. We regard it as certain that the tariff bill now in conference will be enacted into law within a very short period. That will mark the line to which our industries must accommodate themselves. Then improvement will begin. For a year stocks of manufactured goods have been decreasing, and there is less on hand than for years. As soon as the tariff bill becomes a law, manufacturing will improve, for a new stock will be manufactured; imports will increase, and the tide begin to rise. Hence we believe the country has reached "low tide," and that improvement is certain in the near future.

New York society is cutting the Pullmans. Daughters of society have raised a subscription of several thousand dollars for the relief of the Pullman employes, even sending the list of donors to the Duke himself. But there was no reply. Doors formerly opened to the Duke's family are now closed and will not be opened even with Pullman's millions.

The Louisville Post raises the question of Congressman Breckinridge's eligibility, and shows him to be a non-resident, because Mr. Breckinridge himself says he "has been living in hell for ten years."

Wellman is safe, but his vessel has been crushed in the ice. He and part of his men are on the way to the pole. When he returns, the advertising he is now receiving will yield a rich reward.

"General Russell A. Alger has endorsed the McKinley boom," says the Chicago Dispatch. So have a very large majority of the Republicans of the country.

The Democrats and Populists of Kansas are having a battle royal, and while they are squabbling the Republicans are getting ready to sweep the state.

Yes, President Cleveland, it is a condition and not a theory which confronts the country, but is not the condition the result of a theory?

"The tariff question will be settled this week," says a Washington dispatch. Where have we heard that same statement before?

THE TARIFF OUTLOOK.

The week begins with the tariff deadlock still on. The situation is exactly this: It requires 43 Democratic votes in the Senate to pass the bill. Hill is unalterably opposed to the bill so long as the income tax feature is retained. Senators Blanchard and Caffrey, of Louisiana, refused to support the compromise on the sugar schedule agreed to by the conference committee on Friday, as they deem the rate on raw sugars too low, and they insist that the McKinley bounty must be retained for this year, at least. Kyle and Allen, the two Populist senators who are counted on as supporters of the bill, objected to the compromise because they want the McKinley bounty on beet sugar retained. With this opposition, the bill can command only 41 votes—two less than enough to pass it. Hence it is plain that no tariff bill will go through unless the sugar schedule is fixed to suit these gentlemen, for their votes are necessary to pass it. And the House conferees appear to be unwilling to grant their demands.

What will be the outcome? No one pretends to guess. Washington is full of rumors of all kinds, but they are not worth repeating. On general principles, with nothing really to prevent an agreement of the conferees but the sugar schedule, and the admitted necessity, to save the Democratic party from utter discredit, it would seem to be a safe prediction that an agreement will be reached, and the bill pass. We have believed that this would be the outcome, and we still believe it. But there is talk that if the conference committee reports a disagreement, the Senate will refuse to renew the conference. This will put the House in a hole. Then it will either have to pass the Senate bill as it stands, or amend it—and in the latter case the Senate would reject it unless the sugar schedule complied with its present demands. That would mean no tariff legislation at this session; a prolongation of the present condition of doubt and uncertainty, and thus the revival of business, which only awaits the settlement of the tariff question, would be prolonged until next spring.

As a sample of the rumors flying about political circles in Washington, the following is given from the Washington correspondence of the Cincinnati Enquirer:

> It is becoming almost a conviction with an influential class that President Cleveland does not want a bill passed, and to such end gives encouragement to the unfortunate deadlock. Those who hold such views says he desires to keep the tariff agitation alive, fearful if it be settled the silver question will become commanding. He is still unalterably opposed to the rehabilitation of silver, and views with some alarm the growth of sentiment favorable to free coinage. Such do not believe that he aspires to a third-term candidacy, but he aims, through the tariff hobby to be of potential force enough in the next National Democratic convention to dictate the nominee.

However, one thing appears to be pretty certain—that the end, whatever it be, will be reached this week. The temper of both House and Senate is such that the deadlock can not be prolonged. Either an agreement will be reached, and the bill pass, or the whole thing will be abandoned, and the Democrats in Congress thus announce to the country that they have not the ability to unite on a policy on this vital question.

WHICH WILL WIN?

Japan has declared war against China. It is a plucky thing to do, for Japan has but forty million inhabitants, while China has four hundred millions. The latter will be able, therefore, to put ten men into the field for every Japanese soldier. Were the contest to be waged upon land, the issue could easily be predicted. China would win by sheer force of numbers.

But Korea is a peninsula, and all her chief cities are on the coast. Japan has a splendid navy, quite as modern in every respect as in our own. The Chinese navy can not compete with it. Hence Japan has here a signal advantage. She can occupy the Korean cities, or at least keep the Chinese from occupying them. She can destroy Chinese commerce, and lay waste her seaports. Hence the contest is not so unequal as it seems.

Then, too, when it comes to land engagements, China has, it is said, but 50,000 troops supplied with modern weapons. The remainder of her forces will go into battle with inefficient arms, without drill or discipline such as are the rule in civilized armies. Japan's army is well armed, well drilled, and is considered fully effective. Should Japan succeed in destroying the Chinese navy, in defeating or capturing her modernized army, barbarian hordes would then be China's sole reliance, and final victory would perch upon the Japanese banner.

This discussion, of course, refers to the course of events if no other nation takes part in the quarrel. But if Russia and Great Britain take a hand, the world will see a war of greater magnitude than any of modern times, and the outcome of which no one is bold enough to predict.

Senator Brice has purchased a half interest in the best car-coupler ever invented. It is by such investments that Mr. Brice has made his great fortune.—Unidentified Exchange.

Do you know that Senator Brice worked and voted for the bill compelling every freight car in the country to use a coupler before 1898? The Senator manipulates more things than those attached to the Sugar trust.

Austin Blair, who has just passed away at his Michigan home, was one of the famous war governors, who did so much to uphold the arms of the federal government and crush the rebellion. Austin Blair was firmness itself, and his patriotism was never questioned.

Senator Irby, of South Carolina, has broken loose against Cleveland. Probably the latter didn't hand out enough pie over the counter.

Well, we spell it "Korea" because that is the orthography authorized by the Board of Geographic Names at Washington.

Reed and Burrows have been renominated for Congress, but there is no solace for Democrats in the announcement.

Between the drouth and the Democratic party, the farmers are having a serious time.

Why didn't Tillman and Butler resort to compulsory arbitration of their difficulty?

The note of the cuckoo is mournful and low in the halls of Congress these days.

Pullman still keeps up his ironfront bravado, but he won't always last.

There will be a Bull in a China shop when Russia steps in to aid Japan.

Evidently Queen Lil. has a little cash left. Followers still exist.

JOHN M'BRIDE'S CIRCULAR.

President McBride, of the United Mine Workers of the United States, has issued a circular to all labor organizations, in which he advocates that the labor vote shall cast its lot with the Populists, and endeavor to achieve power at the polls. He says that "until recently a strike was considered a legitimate method of industrial warfore, but as the law is now applied it practically restrains workingmen from striking to redress grievances or to ameliorate conditions, and punishes by fine and imprisonment those who direct or advise them; it has placed an embargo upon the thought and a restraint upon expression and action to such an extent that our rights to free speech and the greatest personal liberty consistent with public good has been either ignored, ridiculed or denied."

John McBride is a clever man, shrewd and intelligent;but these statements are false, and he knows it. No one in the land denies the right of any man to quit work, or of any number of men to do so simultaneously; but they do object to having the strikers deny the right of other men to take the positions thus vacated, and of using force to prevent them doing so. The right to work for whom he pleases, and at what wages he pleases, belongs to every man, and he must be protected in it, even though it require the entire power of the state or national governments to secure it. Mr. McBride knows this. He knows that when any labor organization denies this right to men outside its own membership, it becomes a violator of law, and amenable to punishment.

He knows, too, that the law puts no "embargo upon thought," nor any "restraint upon expression and action" so long as these do not go to the extent of a denial of personal rights guaranteed to every citizen by our form of government. "The greatest personal liberty consistent with public good" is not to be found in allowing one set of men to deny to all others the right to labor. We are glad to see him abandon the strike method, and ask a trial of the ballot box. That is the proper method, and the only proper one. But he will not find the people of the United States any more disposed to sanction tyranny by their votes than they were to sanction mob violence under the guise of a strike.

DEBS'S HINDSIGHT.

"I will never again be connected with any strike organization. This strike has developed the fact that the sentiment of the people of the country is against strikes, and that the government stands ready to put down such movements at the point of the bayonet. I shall hereafter advise all workmen to seek redress by the ballot."

These were the words of Eugene V. Debs, President of the American Railway union, at Chicago, on August 1. If he is sincere in the view thus expressed, that fact recalls the homely old Western adage that it would be better for a man if "his foresight were as good as his hindsight." We imply a doubt of Debs's sincerity, because, when he was organizing the American Railway union, he declared that the order was not going to resort to strikes and brute force to carry its objects into effect—and the whole country knows how that promise failed of performance.

But whether he is sincere in saying he will never be connected again with any strike organization or not, he has realized the great truth that the vast mass of the American people do not believe in strikes, and will support the government in the employment of force to put down violence and intimidation. And he is right, too, in saying that the proper weapon for the redress of grievances is the ballot.

A resort to physical force to accomplish an end is revolutionary. The rule of the majority is the principle on which our free government is founded. The minority must submit to the will of the majority. Let Debs and his confreres submit to the people a statement of what they consider their grievances, and the legislation they propose to enact to remedy them, nominate their candidates on that issue, and submit the matter to the decision of the American people at the ballot box. The verdict will be acknowledged and obeyed by everybody. This is the only proper method of settling these matters. Strikes and violence will not be permitted. The day of strikes and mob violence in their support is drawing to an end.

GOLD GOING TO EUROPE.

The gold exports are now in the neighborhood of a million dollars daily, and this steady drain is beginning to attract the serious attention of financial men all over the country. As a rule, gold exports begin in the spring, and last until about July 1. But it is now long past the time when the outflow should cease, yet there is no diminution of the drain. The reason for this phenomenon is thus given by a Chicago banker to the Evening Journal, of that city:

> The country is largely in debt for importations received and for securities held abroad. It is estimated that one-third of the total stock of corporations in the United States is owned by foreign capitalists. Their amount is over two billions of dollars. On account of the financial depression here, the exaggerated statements of strikes and labor troubles published aboad, the failure of several of the largest railway corporations in the land, the distress in Australia and South America, which entailed heavy losses on the part of wealthy men in Europe and Great Britain, these capitalists have become scared, and they have therefore put their stocks and securities on the market, when, under other conditions, they would be loth to dispose of them. In payment for their securities the Europeans receive gold, and consequently the gold reserve in the United States Treasury is drawn upon for millions of dollars.
>
> It is difficult to say when the exportation of gold will cease, or when we shall be able to offset these shipments by the returns on our exports. As soon as our exports of grain and cotton begin to go abroad freely then the gold will flow back, but the only way it can get back into the national treasury is by the payment of customs duties; and as we are not importing much, the gold reserve will not be replenished until the tariff question is settled, and our import trade sets in briskly.

The Tennessee state election—for supreme judges and minor offices—on Thursday showed a very light vote. The Democratic candidates for the supreme bench have about 15,000 majority. The fusion of the Republicans and Populists did not prove effective. Mixed teams rarely do good work.

What this country needs is more work and less political jabber.

$500 IN PREMIUMS!

To be Given to Friends of the Weekly Blade who Will Assist us to GIVE AWAY 100,000 Three Months' Subscriptions.

Our donation offer of three months' subscriptions for the month of June was a wonderful success. The duplicate proposition for the month of July, which at first promised larger returns, was nearly paralyzed by the recent labor strike, which so distracted the minds of all the people of this great nation. As the number of competitors is not yet sufficient for all the premiums offered, we have decided to extend the time to September. This will be no injustice to those who are in the competition, and will enable others to come in, now that times are more favorable for such work. Crops are moving, and a better feeling exists all around, so that the month of August will be a better month than was June for this remarkable Blade offer.

We firmly believe that the Toledo Weekly Blade is the best newspaper published for the masses, and we have an idea that if we can nominally give away 100,000 three months' subscriptions now, to those who appreciate a good family newspaper, a large percentage will become our regular patrons upon the return of better times. Hence this bold and remarkable proposition, expensive to us, but which we hope will be appreciated by at least 100,000 new readers.

NO COUPON CARDS.

The offer below of five hundred dollars in premiums to friends of The Blade who will assist us to distribute the 100,000 subscriptions, is open to anybody. We will not send out coupon cards for August, nor will we require coupons, as we did during June and July. An interested reader may join this competition by sending us clubs as often as possible upon terms stated at the close of this article. We will forward sample copies of The Blade on application.

The Premiums.

Last year we gave thirty-three premiums in June, and the same in July, worth $200. This year we offer 320 premiums, worth $1,000. Deducting one-half already awarded for June leaves the following liberal offer for the months of July and August:

First. To the person sending us, before Sept. 1st, the largest number of addresses for the Weekly Blade three months, upon terms stated on our coupon card, we will give a first-class Family Sewing Machine worth $45.

Second. The same to person sending us the second largest number before Sept. 1st.

To the third largest before Sept. 1st, a Gents' Gold Hunting Case Watch worth $40.

To fourth largest, an open face Gold Watch worth $30.

To fifth largest, a Ladies' Gold Watch worth $25.

The next ten largest clubs in order, will each get a nickel case Elgin or Waltham Watch, worth $16 each.

The next ten largest clubs in order will each receive a set of Chambers's Encyclopedia.

The next ten largest clubs in order, each a dozen nickel teaspoons.

The next fifty in order, each a Columbian Souvenir Half Dollar—now very rare—worth at least one dollar each.

The next twenty-five, each a copy of the book "Nasby in Exile."

The next twenty-five, each a copy of the "Nasby Letters" in book form.

The next twenty-five, each a paper cover novel.

Above enumerates 160 premiums, worth $500, to be awarded to the largest lists sent us in July and August. Practically, almost every competitor for premiums will win something. Of course, we expect clubs from thousands; many sending clubs just to favor the friends of their community, without expecting remuneration.

We want some persons at every postoffice to mail us clubs of ten or more early in August. You can select a book which we offer for clubs of ten, or you can let it apply on the premium competition, sending additional clubs from time to time. After sending one club, additional clubs will be easier to obtain, as by that time the wonderful cheapness of The Blade will be much talked about, and every family will want to come in. After sending a second club your chances are good for one of our premiums, and those who send above 100 names will be pretty close to one of the high premiums. Remember that the above 160 premiums are awarded, one each, to 160 persons sending the most names to us before September 1. This plan is all the more interesting because many who earned premiums in June will be just as likely to get another, and many who failed to get a premium in June will know better how to make pretty sure of one this time.

As stated above, we shall practically give away these three months' subscriptions. We will make a nominal charge of 10 cents each name the amount being barely sufficient to cover cost of mailing and premiums awarded for collecting the addresses—leaving us an expense of several thousand dollars for paper, postage and other details as our donation to those out of employment, and for other reasons embarrassed for want of reading matter in all parts of the United States.

Never was there a time so easy as now to take names for a good newspaper under such an arrangement as we offer, as never before were so many families without newspapers. While this offer is especially designed for the needy of every postoffice, it is also open to all. It will be possible under the liberal offer we propose to secure the name of every reading person at every postoffice that does not now take the Blade, whether they take other papers or none. After September 1, this low price will be withdrawn, and 30 cents will again be the price for the Weekly Blade three months.

Instructions and Conditions.

Every person reading this announcement may join the competition. Write us at once for specimen copy or copies of the Weekly Blade to show while canvassing. You take the subscriptions for 10 cents each for three months, remitting us the full amount, without deducting commission or cost of mailing. For small clubs of ten you will get your pay in books, as announced elsewhere, and for large clubs you will come under our offer of 160 premiums. Send your first club by August 1 and follow with other clubs as often as possible, mailing your last club not later than August 31. Number your names as you send them, from 1 up to whatever total number of names you send us, so that the last name of your last August list will represent the total number of names you have sent. This will enable us to quickly make up the award. All lists sent us in July will be reckoned with those sent in August. The July competitors can, therefore, have time to add other lists in August.

Please remit in current funds. Do not send checks on country banks, nor postage stamps. Remit by money order, express order, New York, Chicago or Toledo exchange, or by registered letter.

Clubs of Ten.

Of course this competition will bring us many large clubs of 50, 100, or even more, according to the size of the community. Aside from the competition, we want hundreds of clubs of ten—yes, thousands—in order to introduce The Blade to new readers. Ten names three months for $1 is an actual loss of money to us, but we have decided, for the month of August only, to make the loss greater, by giving a book premium for each club of ten three months' names at 10 cents each. Read the article on fourth page, headed "Here's a Snap!" This offer should, during August, bring us 5,000 or more clubs of ten. Any person can raise such a club in an hour. Of course all clubs of ten that ask for a book premium, will not be counted with the premium competitors.

Now let some member of every household who takes The Blade get right out and raise us one club to start with. Let us see how many names we can have during the first week in August. The people want The Blade at this nominal price, if you will only give them the opportunity.

SANTO'S SENTENCE.

The murderer of President Carnot has been sentenced to the guillotine. His trial occupied less than twenty-four hours, and there will be none of the delays and appeals which obstruct the swift meting out of justice to criminals in the United States. Santo was allowed to express his views fully, and he made it clear that he, being an anarchist, had committed the crime simply because it is the doctrine of anarchy to strike down the representatives of law and social order whenever there is opportunity offered.

Many people think that men holding such wild views are necessarily insane, but they are not. Anarchy assumes that law is necessarily oppressive tyranny, and that the only way to achieve perfect freedom is to destroy all laws, and allow every man to do as he pleases. That this doctrine, carried out, would mean a return to primitive barbarism ought to be clear to any one. The present social order is the result of progressive evolution since man's career began on earth, and that process is still going on. Anarchy would reverse this process, not hasten it. It would set the world back instead of pushing it forward. The social forces should all aid evolution—but revolution is not evolution.

Cleveland is reported to have decided to unite with Great Britain, Germany and Italy to preserve the neutrality of the treaty ports of China during the war. This action is for the purpose of keeping the ports open to commerce. This will prevent any great interference with America, if the effort is successful, and China and Japan can fight to a finish.

The astronomers the world over are engaged in observing the planet Mars. The "canals" and bright specks on its surface are the mysteries they are trying to fathom.

Let's see: Wasn't it Calvin S. Brice who said the tariff bill would be a law by May 15? Mr. Brice is evidently not one of the prophets.

If there is anybody who loves Mr. Cleveland for the enemies he has made, another instalment of love is now due.

A FAT JOB.

White Wash—Say, Moore, I heah yos' struck a fat job?
Moore Eaton—Bet I has! I'se bra keman on a watah-million train, I is.

MADE TO HAND.

Cars lighted by electricity from a storage battery have been used for some time past on the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad.

People are flocking to Greenmount cemetery, near Springfield, O., to see the remains of ex-Mayor Morris Bell and granddaughter, which for fifty years have rested in a vault in air-tight iron coffins. Both look as natural as life, and doctors say are petrified. By the ex-mayor's dying request they were not to be placed underground for fifty years more.

The oboe, historically the oldest and musically the most important of the reed family, has a set concertos devoted to it by Handel, and these abound in fine passages for that instrument. It, by the way, was in Handel's day, almost the leading instrument—rivaling the violin in the orchestra, which may account for the large number, in proportion to the strings, which were present at once in the orchestra.

A bushel box is coming into use with market men and by reason of being square is very economical in the way of packing. It is made in three styles, one all slatted, another with a slatted bottom and sides, with solid ends, and the third with solid ends and close bottom and sides, bound with galvanized iron; in fact, it is a galvanized bound box. These boxes are convenient for handling potatoes, the vegetables being picked up into the boxes in the field and left in them until sold. Of course, other crops can be handled in this way, as cucumbers, tomatoes and apples. The measure of these boxes is 14½ by 16¾ by 12½, that being a bushel without piling.

UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

Drouth in Argentina has killed 200,000 cattle, 150,000 sheep and 20,000 horses.

A certain forest plant in Japan grows to be about six feet high in three weeks.

Female bootblacks are reported to be multiplying in Paris and other French cities.

With the additions recently announced the number of members of the House of Lords is 572.

Ancomarca, Peru, is 16,000 feet above the sea, and the highest inhabited spot in the world.

What is said to be one of the largest sassafras trees in the country is in Central Park, New York, city.

Of 1,000 men who marry, 332 marry younger women, 579 marry women of the same age, and 89 marry older women.

Blackberries and mushrooms, while growing, are not private property in England, and people who take them cannot be prosecuted for theft.

The largest sum of money ever paid for a book was $50,000, which the German Government expended for a "missal" formerly owned by Pope Leo IX.

A peculiar disease of the will is more common in France than in any other country. The sufferer is maddened to cross any open space, like a city square.

Of the mineral spangolite only two specimens are known to exist. One was taken from Cornwall, England, and the other is near Tombstone, A. T.

The flesh of forest rats is esteemed a culinary delicacy by the people of Cuba. Their main article of diet is Brazil nuts which impart a good flavor to them.

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY.

Ships are to have electric lights on their mastheads, to show clearly which way they are steering.

By the manufacture of tinplate in America, British exports fell off, this June, to 25,000 tons from 37,000 tons in June, 1893.

A year ago the weekly production of pig iron was 153,782 tons. At present it is 85,950 tons. The capacity is 225,000 tons per week.

Bridge-building engineers have a record of over 500 bridges, big and little, that are to be built by railroads and municipalities as soon as times get better.

Uncle Sam proposes to subscribe to 700,000 shares of the 820,000 shares of the new Nicaragua canal, in order that we may have a whack at the $1,500,000,000 worth of the trade with countries that will be reached through it.

Japan has 1,870 miles of railroad built and 1,400 miles more will soon be constructed. The government is ordering a large quantity of sugar refining and textile machinery, intending to make sugar and cloth on a large scale.

The agricultural products of the Southern states, exclusive of cotton, amount to a value of $1,000,000 per year. One-third of this is corn, oats and tobacco, $35,000,000 each; sugar and molasses are worth $26,000,000; potatoes, $19,000,000.

The Fire Island lighthouse just outside of New York harbor, is to have an electric light equal to 62,000,000 candles. All our lighthouses are to be put in telephonic communication with stations inland.

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

A nugget of gold weighing 100 ounces was recently found at Coolgardie, Australia.

One of the curious things about the gulf stream is that no whales are found in it.

White huckleberries are reported to be found in abundance at Gardner's lake, Conn.

Rubies of the true pigeon-blood color are so rare that they are worth ten times their weight in diamonds.

The island of Ceylon produces a tree that is without bark. The leaves are perfectly square and fold up at sundown.

Fringe-tail fish, which are cultivated in Japan, sell for $100 apiece. Many such fish are found in the aquariums of wealthy New York families.

Mr. J. Lancaster, who has spent five years upon the west coast of Florida in the study of the habits of aquatic birds, of which he has made a specialty, asserts that he has seen frigate birds fly for seven consecutive days, night and day, without ever resting. According to his observations, the fatigue of these birds is not excessive, even in such long continuances in the air. In fact, the frigate bird can easily, and almost without the flap of the wings, not only maintain herself, but also fly with a speed of nearly a hundred miles an hour. The spread of the wings extended varies between eleven and thirteen feet.

CURRENT TOPICS.

India has 27,000,000 acres in rice, 15,000,000 in wheat, 25,000,000 in other food grains, 1,500,000 in sugar cane, 250,000 in tea, 10,000,000 in cotton, 1,000,000 in indigo 200,000 in tobacco.

The principal grain crop of Prussia is rye. Over 4,000,000 hectares were raised last year, being twice as much as of oats and four times as much as of wheat. Prussia makes over 1,000,000 tons of beet sugar, and yield one-half the world's supply of zinc.

Statistics show that in 1,000 marriages, 332 men marry women younger than themselves, 579 marry women of their own age, or near it, and 89 marry women older than themselves. The most notable difference in ages was in Camden, N. J., last year, where the bridegroom was 22 and the bride 63.

A pretty girl in Richmond, a year ago, got a ring from some chap at a distance, who wrote to say that she had never seen him, but that he admired her. This year he sent a gold watch and chain. The girl's folks have no idea who the donor is. He scratched out the number on the watch to prevent discovery. If the young lady has average curiosity she'll presently be willing to marry him "unsight 'n unseen," just to find out who he is.

Publishers' Column.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you, and at prices far below those charged in shops.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Here are the watches we offer. All are stem winders and setters:

Offer No. 1—Gold Watch, Men's Size, $15.75.

The watch and casemakers of the United States have been trying to produce at a low price a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in appearance, time-keeping qualities, durability, etc., and have succeeded beyond their highest expectations. This watch is the celebrated thin model watch—we mean by thin model, that it does not bulge the pocket out of shape, or give people the impression that you are carrying a clock movement. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. This feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch makers. The ring joints, thumb piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which of course will wear for generations. The works contain the Logan celebrated Breguet hair spring—a regulator so simple that a child can work it, jeweled in all important parts with precious stones; compensation expansion balance safety pinion, stem winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be entirely unnecessary. The movement is made by the celebrated Elgin Watch Co., and is perfect in construction and durability. This watch is offered to "Blade" subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wants for his friends. This watch comes in Hunting case only.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size Gold Watch, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin goldfilled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs have been selling this watch for $8. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Open Face Gold Watch, $11.50.

Men's size, open face, either engraved or engine turned, gold watch, $11.50. No. 3 is a magnificent gold filled watch, with Waltham or Elgin works. In the works are seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 15 years, just like solid gold. This watch is open face only, stem winder, pendant set. Price by registered mail, $11.50.

Offer No. 4—Men's Open Face Solid Nickel Silver, $5.50.

Waltham or Elgin Watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, and safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest improvements. The case is made of a composition of silver and nickel, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. We send it to subscribers, delivery guaranteed, for $5.50. Screw case, dust proof.

Offer No. 5—Blade Special.

Open face or hunting case: Waltham or Elgin works. It has the appearance and wear of the good qualities of a $200 watch. The movement (or works) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator and all improvements. The case is the thinest filled watch case ever made; that is, the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumbpiece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county commissioners, and all others who wish an accurate timekeeper. As a present it can not be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a second and satisfactory ladies' watch, and is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equaled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail, to any of our subscribers, for $22.00.

Offer No. 26—Men's Size—Open Face Silver, $6.50.

This is a seven jewel Waltham or Elgin, open face only, stiffened silver case. In other words, in order to give strength sufficient to make the case durable without making the metal thick and heavy the silver is strengthened by a nickel plate, introduced in such a manner as to be entirely hidden, and were it not explained, the purchaser would not be able to tell it from a heavy, solid coin silver case. This watch does not come in Hunting case—open face only—with a heavy beveled plate glass crystal, strong and durable. The dial is of white porcelain, either Roman or Arabic characters. In order to prevent the possibility of the hands catching, the dial upon which the second hand is mounted is sunk below the level of the surrounding face. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $6.50.

Offer No. 27—Men's Size—Coin Silver, $10.00.

This is a solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch, open face or Hunting. This is the newest silver case in the market, being the same model as our "Blade Special Watch No. 5." Heretofore this model case was only made in solid gold and high priced, gold filled watch cases, and it has taken as well that the manufacturer has placed this coin silver watch on the market. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all latest improvements. We will deliver this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $10.

Offer No. 28—A Strong, Cheap Watch, only $1.90, by registered mail.

This is a new, cheap watch for boys, and just the thing for farmers in the field, or the laboring man at work. Nickel plated, stem wind, and ordinary size of an open face silver watch. Very strong and will keep good time. Price, by registered mail, only $1.90.

"Crescent Street" Waltham Watch, Men's size—Pride of the Waltham Factory.

The best full-size Waltham watch is called "CRESCENT STREET." This watch is made from the very finest materials, each part being selected by expert workmen. Every wheel is perfect, every jewel is a precious stone, every pinion is polished to the highest degree. In fact, this watch is as the Waltham Company guarantees, "perfect in construction and finish." The Company also says in its catalogue that this is "the finest full plate movement in the world." The full plate is a recent improvement in watch making. It is a metal cap, covering all the mechanism, excepting the balance, thus saving many bills for cleaning. These celebrated works are full jeweled with red ruby jewels in solid gold settings. They contain compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, patent Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator and double sunk dial, made expressly for this watch. The dial is genuine.

No. 102—Crescent Street, gold filled, 20 year, hunting or open face case.....$37 00
No. 103—Crescent Street, gold filled, 15 year, hunting or open face case..... 33 25
No. 104—Crescent Street, 2 oz. coin silver, hunting or open face case..... 27 85
No. 105—Crescent Street, solid nickel silver, open face, dust proof case..... 25 00

"Appleton, Tracy & Co.," Waltham—Men's Size.

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO." is one of the celebrated watches of the world. The works are full jeweled with 15 extra fine red ruby jewels in solid gold settings, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting, Breguet hair spring, special adjustment to temperature, ochronism and positions, and all the very latest improvements. This watch took the first prize at the World's Exposition in Paris, against all competitors, both American and Foreign. We will deliver this watch to any address in the United States, works as above, in—

No. 106—Solid 14 kt. gold, 40 dwt., hunting case, only.....$40 00
No. 107—14 kt. gold filled, 20 yr. hunting case 28 00
No. 108—14 kt. gold filled, 20 yr. open face..... 22 50
No. 109—2 oz. solid coin silver, hunting or open face..... 17 50
No. 110—Stiffened silver, open face, only..... 15 00
No. 111—Solid nickel silver case, open face.. 12 75

LADIES' WATCHES.

Offer No. 15—Solid Gold, $22.00.

The works are manufactured at Waltham or Elgin. They are made of the finest materials, carefully selected. The jewels are all cut and polished in Europe, where secret processes are handed from generation to generation. The dial is made of the finest porcelain, and the hands of blue tempered steel. The case is solid 14 kt. United States assay, handsomely engraved. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $22.00.

Offer No. 16—Gold Filled, $13.50—Waltham or Elgin.

Is a lady's gold filled engraved watch, guaranteed by the manufacturer to wear fifteen years. The works contain seven jewels, exposed pallets, safety pinion, and all improvements. Price, delivery guaranteed, $13.50.

Offer No. 17—Solid Gold, Waltham or Elgin, $16.00.

Is a lady's solid gold hunting or open face case, very nicely engraved, contains a Waltham or Elgin movement, seven jewels. A perfect time keeper. Postpaid, $16.00.

Offer No. 18—Gold Filled, Ladies' "Skylight" Watch, $12.00.

Is a 14 kt. gold filled engraved "Skylight" Waltham or Elgin, guaranteed to wear twenty years. The case is made by placing two heavy sheets of 14 kt. gold, reinforced between with a thin sheet of stiff composition, which makes a perfect case for protecting the works. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece, hinges, and every part subjected to constant wear, are solid gold, while the gold is brought down over the edges of the composition metal and joined in such a way that even an expert is obliged to cut the case to find that it is not solid gold. We will deliver this watch for $12.00. Open face only.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address,

"THE BLADE," Toledo, O.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 15
½ dozen table knives	2 25
1 dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

PLATED SILVER GOODS.

The following list of small articles are sent postpaid by registered mail. Ask for "The Christine" Goods, triple plate on white nickel.

	½ doz.	1 doz.
Teaspoons	$2 00	$3 75
Tablespoons	4 00	7 50
Table forks	4 00	7 50
Dessert forks	3 50	6 50
Dessert spoons	3 50	6 50
Sugar shells, each		85
Butter knives, each		1 00

PLATED SILVER GOODS.

Which Are Sent by Express, at Buyer's Expense.

These goods are "The Christine," triple plated on white nickel, all same pattern, and in rich box:

Berry spoons, each	$2 50
Pie knives, "	3 00
Fish knives, "	3 00
Fish forks, "	2 25
Oyster ladles, "	3 00
Soup ladles, "	3 50

ELEGANT HOLLOW WARE.

Beautiful new designs, superbly finished, either triple or quadruple plated. By express at buyer's expense:

	3 plate.	4 plate.
Sugar bowl	$1 75	$2 25
Cream pitcher	1 75	2 75
Spoon holder	1 75	2 75
Pickle castor	2 25	3 25
Butter dish	2 75	3 25

THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINANCE.

Twelfth Paper.

A Populistic Error Discussed.

We all know that in times of trade stagnation money is heaped up in idleness in the financial centers. This piling up of idle cash is by no means profitable to the persons owning it, for not only do they receive no interest for a large portion of it, but interest rates go down, and thus, when a loan is made, it is not as profitable as it would be in brisk times, when interest rates are higher. That is to say, banks and capitalists make far more money when trade is good and there is a large demand for money, than when the reverse is the case.

It is probably because they do not clearly understand the facts that so many of the Populists in the West and South look upon the accumulation of idle money in New York, for instance, as the result of a conspiracy on the part of the so-called "money power." But who ever heard of men conspiring with the intent of bringing about a state of things that will injure them? Is it not plain that when funds are largely idle, and drawing no interest, and when interest rates fall to the lowest notch for what loans are made, that the men who own this money make far less than before?

We have read many columns of Populist literature in the hope of finding a clear statement of the reasoning by which they persuade themselves the accumulation of idle funds in New York for months past is the result of a "conspiracy," but we have failed to find it. Populist orators and writers deal in wholesale denunciation, with a paucity of reasoning. So far as we can make out, the Western and Southern Populists appear to think that if this money were not piled up there it would remain scattered in banks all over the country, and that the distressed farmers—and unfortunately there are very many of them in those sections in very hard plight—could borrow it at lower rates than are now charged.

We can see that many people can be easily persuaded that this is the case; but unfortunately it is not The Blade has already pointed out that the interest rate first depends upon the demand for money by safe borrowers—that is, those who can give security which renders it certain that there will be no difficulty in obtaining the loan and interest the very day it is due. The character of the security offered is the next thing that fixes the interest rate. Whenever this contains an element of risk or delay, the interest asked is always commensurate with the risk. When it comes to loaning money on a farm, whose owner unfortunately has nothing but his work and his future crops to depend upon for repaying the loan; when the security is a mortgage on the land, and the state laws interpose obstacles to prompt collection—the risk and delay are almost certain, and the interest rate is very high—too high, for no farmer can hope at the present prices of crops, to pay such rates. It is simply a gamble; good luck may let him out, but the chances are ten to one against it.

While there are men willing to take the risk and make such loans, it is with the certainty that they will have to foreclose and realize on the property mortgaged, in a large number of cases. But there are others who have no wish to loan in any such way. They do not desire to take risks, with their accompanying worry and trouble. The government, for example, can borrow all the money it wants on bonds at 3 per cent., and perhaps even lower. The credit of the government is so good that there is no doubt about payment; the interest is certain to be paid; and if an emergency arises requiring ready money, the bonds can be sold at once to obtain it. There are many millions of dollars invested which are held in trust by guardians and executors for widows and children; and this money always seeks an absolutely safe investment, even at a very low rate of interest.

It is clear that the exorbitant interest rate charged to farmers in the South and West is not because of scarcity of money, but to the risks and delays which attend such loans. Hence, the piling up of money in New York has nothing to do with it. Any person, or bank, in the states concerned, who can give undoubted security, can borrow all the money he needs in New York, at a fair rate of interest. But the security will have to be something different from a mortgage on a farm, or on live stock and growing crops. This may be lamentable, but it is true; and there is no way of remedying it.

A Big Tree.

A tree was cut last week near Skelton, Wash., which measured 11 feet 4 inches in diameter at the butt—34 feet in circumference. It was clear timber to the first limb, 70 feet from the ground. It is estimated that fully 30,000 feet of merchantable lumber may be cut from this one tree.

OLD-TIME SLEEPING CARS

HOW THEY LOOKED WHEN FIRST USED ON RAILROADS.

Fearfully and Wonderfully Constructed—An Old Print From Frank Leslie's Shows Their Arrangement.

"The American Railway" says that the prototypes of the sleeping-car were used on the Cumberland Valley railroad, between Harrisburg and Cumberland, as early as the winter of 1836-37. These cars, however, were not of the combination order, and they were abandoned in 1848.

According to the tradition preserved by the Wagner Palace Car company, the originator of the sleeping car was Theodore T. Woodruff. The honor is also claimed for "Ben" Field, of Albion, New York, once a prominent politician. Albion was the early residence of Geo. M. Pullman, and it is to him, it is said, that the Pullman cars owe their origin. Mr. Woodruff prepared his model, it is said, in the office of James Tillinghast, at Rome, N. Y., in 1854. Mr. Tillinghast was then in the service of the Rome & Watertown railroad. He did not have sufficient faith in Woodruff's invention to advance the money to have it patented. So, like many other inventors, as well as prophets, who have found little honor in their own country, Woodruff was obliged to go out from the original scene of his labors to find somebody to appreciate his new idea and to give him financial support.

Woodruff finally found a patron in Mr. Watson, the car builder, of Springfield, Mass., to whom the inventor had gone with his precious model wrapped in an old bandana handkerchief. Mr. Watson built a trial car which made its first trip on the New York Central and the Rome & Western railroad. The car was afterward run to Cleveland, Cincinnati and other Western cities, where it was looked on as a great curiosity. It was finally sold to the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad company, and was regularly run on its line for a number of years.

At first the new sleeping cars were more popular with passengers than with railroad managers. The railroad men looked at all improvements likely to increase the comfort of travel with distrust. They argued that the more convenience travelers had, the more they would want, and the cost of them to the companies would be enormous. They probably realized that more attractive travelling would increase the volume of travel, but their deductions as to the amount of travelling that would probably be done were drawn from the days of stage coaches, and they apparently never suspected what an immense impetus to travel and what an enormous increase in their business would result from the adoption of such improvements as sleeping cars.

The public had its way, however, as it generally does, and in a few years sleepers were running on most of the prominent railroads of the United States.

The first sleepers that were built would not be considered fit to travel in now, but they were regarded as great luxuries then. A picture showing the interior of a Wagner sleeping car, in use on the New York Central railroad, which was published in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper on April 30, 1859, and is reproduced herewith, gives one a good idea of the "luxuries of travel" as they existed 35 years ago. The fittings and furnishings were of the plainest sort. A shelf was placed across the seats, which accommodated passengers as usual in the daytime, to form the lower berth, and two were let down from the sides, forming three tiers of berths on each side of the car. The car was lighted by kerosene lamps attached to the ceiling, and warmed by an old-fashioned wood stove, placed near the center of the car. By taking care in selecting the position of the berth, one might on a cold night have the privilege of sleeping in the temperature of the tropics, in the varying degrees of the temperate zone, or in the frigidity of the Arctic circle, according as he should be near to or remote from the stove.

The man with a lantern in the center of the car is not the president of the road. He is the conductor. The coats of all the conductors in those days may not have fitted so well as does the one worn by the subject of the sketch, but all the conductors then wore high hats, and so did the engineers and firemen and almost everybody else for that matter.

The exterior of the cars, like that of other passenger coaches of those days, was unornamented.

Accompanying the picture in "Frank Leslie's" was the following editorial comment, which is especially interesting, as showing how this "step in the right direction" was regarded in 1859:

"In days gone by travelers might well have imagined that it was the object of the proprietors of public conveyances to render them as uncomfortable as possible. Now, at least in this country, it appears to be quite the reverse.

"Formerly traveling, among other inconveniences, implied a total abstinence from sleep, or if indulged in, it was in such an uneasy posture that the sleeper awoke more fatigued than before. Now American ingenuity has invented a sleeping-car, which is in use on several of our long lines, in which, for a small increase in the fare, the traveler may enjoy his natural rest, and yet not be retarded in his journey.

"Our illustration was drawn from one of the cars in use on the northern branch of the New York Central railroad, on which line sleeping-cars are attached to every night train; the cars may be used as ordinary day ones, but at night two shelves are let down from the ceiling, and a third shelf is formed by letting down the backs of the seats. On each of these mattresses and bedding are placed curtains closely drawn up during the day are let down, and the whole forms a very comfortable sleeping place about the size of a ship's berth.

"We are glad to see that some of the railroad companies have adopted these cars. It is a step in the right direction which will, without doubt, be soon followed by the directors of other railroads. In a pecuniary point of view it will certainly be profitable, as without calculating the income from the increased travel which always follows improvements, every traveler would gladly pay an increased fare for the accommodation."

Woodruff sold to Webster Wagner the right to build and use sleeping-cars on certain roads, and to George Gates the rights of the patent on the Buffalo & Erie. Gates's establishment was kept up from 1859 to 1873, when it was merged into the Wagner Palace Car company.

Wagner, who gave his name to the company which has built all the palace-cars for the Vanderbilt roads, was born near Palatine Bridge, N. Y., of German parentage. He learned the wagon-makers' trade, and used his skill to so good advantage that before he died he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was making some of the best vehicles in the world. Wagner made a fortune, and was elected to the state Senate. He was killed in one of his own cars in a railroad accident at Spuyten Duyvil in 1882.

George M. Pullman was formerly a miner in Colorado. In 1858 he entered a train on the Lake Shore road at Buffalo. A sleeping-car was making a trial trip on that train, and he resolved to try a berth. He was tossed about and made so uncomfortable that he arose before daybreak and spent the remainder of the night thinking what a pity it was that such an excellent idea as that of a sleeping-car should be so crudely and uncomfortably carried out. Before he arrived in Chicago he had made up his mind to build better sleeping-cars than the one on which he was riding. His first cars were run on the Chicago & Alton railroad in 1859. Abraham Lincoln was one of his early passengers, and the future President took the greatest interest in the invention, and had the construction of the car explained to him.

It was not until 1864 that the first combination day and sleeping-car of the present type was built by Mr. Pullman. It cost $18,000, and was named "Pioneer." It was lettered "A," for at that time it was not believed that there would ever be cars enough in use at one time to exhaust the letters of the alphabet.

A WAGNER PALACE CAR IN 1859 (From an old engraving.) ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

The Pioneer was larger than the ordinary coaches, and it could not pass under some bridges nor by some platforms. When President Lincoln's body was taken from Chicago to Springfield on the Pioneer, however, the railroad company willingly removed the obstructions, and when Gen. Grant took a trip west, some months later, more platforms were adapted to the size of the Pioneer. In height and width the Pioneer set the standard for the size of all Pullman coaches, but the length has been increased.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

A LESSON TO TIMID LOVERS.

If You Would Win a Woman Propose While Dancing With Her.

A certain ball room belle tells how she recived an offer of marriage during the dance:

My last proposal, she says was from a man at a ball. On his dress coat, as he claimed me for a waltz, was a long white thread. I smilingly called his attention to it and took it off. My sister saw me, and, knowing things were in that interesting condition when a word would precipitate matters, thought to tease me by saying:

"Who is it that says if a woman will take the trouble to pick a thread from a man's coat that man may have her for asking?" She laughed gleefully at our discomfiture and floated away.

The first time we stopped to promenade my partner glanced down at me, and there, caught in the flowers of my gown, was this same long thread. He bent down to take it off just as we came to a clearing among the dancers.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"I'm picking a thread off your coat," he repeated, stepping in front of me. "Will you?" I thought he meant would I go on with the waltz, I laid my hand in his, and we glided into our places.

"Did you understand?" he whispered.

Now it was bad enough to have to refuse a man on the sofa, but to have to do it when you are in his very arms; when, while he tells you over and over that he loves you, he can emphasize with a hand pressure without reproof; when every second you are imperceptibly being drawn closer and closer, until the wretched truth dawns upon you that the music and the dance are secondary things, and that in reality you are being hugged, actually hugged by a man you are not going to marry—you must resist the impulse to put both hands against him and push with all your might. You simply get tired suddenly, and you are taken to your chaperon, where at least you can refuse him properly.

WROTE "LITTLE BROWN JUG."

His Name is J. E. Winner, and He Wrote It as a Diversion.

One of the most popular frequenters of a quiet little West Twelfth street cafe is J. E. Winner, who years ago, and merely as a diversion, wrote the words and music of "Little Brown Jug," says the New York Mail and Express Mr. Winner is a good business man, however, and he took the precaution to copyright the production. It sold up in the hundred thousands, and realized a tidy sum for its tuneful author.

Mr. Winner's brother, Sep, is the composer of "The Mocking Bird," which made for him a small fortune. Curiously the author of the "Jug," one of the most popular of drinking songs, is, and always has been, a total abstainer. Mr. Winner is not a believer in Wagner or in any of the so-called classical music, but he has an immense belief in the moral education of "songs that touch the heart."

Not Too Fastidious.

Laura—How did you come to be walking on the avenue yesterday with a man so much shorter than you?

Cora—He had two tickets for the matinee in his pocket.—Truth.

They Are Not Savages.

Bostwick—And it is true that you Chicagoans eat with your knives?

Hogaboom—Why, of course we do! D'ye think we eat with our fingers, like savages?—Truth.

THE ROSE AND THE GARDENER.

The Rose in the garden slipped her bud
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
"He is so old—so old! And he soon will die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread and spread, till her heart lay bare;
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—
"He is older now. He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew and found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them softly under the mold.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener Time.

—Austin Dobson.

FACTS.

Star fish eat oysters.

Flying frogs exist in Borneo.

Cave dwellers still live in Spain.

Sapphires are mined at Franklin, North Carolina.

In Ceylon, crows are protected as scavengers.

Liquid honey is largely adulterated with glucose.

The latest Paris fad is aluminum watches.

The ancients considered coral a valuable medicine.

The mouth of the star fish is exactly in the center.

European armies use dogs to discover ambuscades.

Gloves were worn by ancient Egyptians and Hebrews.

Forty-four comets were observed in the third century.

A single oyster in season produces about 1,000,000 young.

A single pound of meat may contain 350,000 trichinae.

The young frog has a special breathing organ in its tail.

From a bushel of corn a dealer gets four gallons of whisky.

Porcupines will eat sawlogs if the wood is sprinkled with salt.

Cocoa and chocolate are largely mixed with starch and sugar.

Poisonous mushrooms are used in Europe as a substitute for fly paper.

Emperor William's ancestors several centuries ago kept a tollgate.

SHE'S A LINGUIST AT FOUR.

Fannie Erdofy Knows a Language for Every Year of Her Age.

Little Fannie Erdofy is only 4 years old, but she is one of the most accomplished young ladies in New York. She speaks four languages fluently, and her father promises to teach her

LITTLE FANNIE ERDOFY.

two more before she reaches her fifth fifth birthday. She does not care for dolls or other toys, but plays only with irregular verbs, adjectives, absolutes, moods, tenses and syntatical puzzles. She speaks German like a Berlinese, French like a Parisienne, Hungarian like a Boyar and English with a Harlem accent.

Miss Fannie's gift illustrates the law of heredity. Her father, Arthur Erdofy, who is an interpreter at Ellis Island, was born in Buda-Pesth, Hungary, 32 years ago. He has the special linguistic aptitude of his race, having command of not less than ten languages. Mrs. Erdofy speaks English, Hungarian, German, French and Slauvonian.

It is said that the difficulty is not in teaching Miss Fannie a new language, but in preventing her from overtaxing her strength learning one without instruction.

WHEN BABY HAS HER FUN.

When the rims o' droopin' daylight
Meets the comin' night's caress,
An' the straglin' sunshine flickers
As it bathes her golden tress;
When the clouds are filled with glory
From the gleam o' sinkin' sun,
An' the cricket starts its chirpin,'
Then's when baby has her fun!

'Fore the golden glow o' lamp light,
Starts the shalders from the room,
While the earth is still a-hangin'
'Twixt the dusk an' deeper gloom;
When the roses wait their blessing,
From the dew-kissed heaven spun—
Robed in gown of snowy whiteness—
Then's when baby has her fun!

When the stars begin their winkin',
In the face o' dying day,
An' the croon o' noddin' mother
Echoes soft, an' far away;
Then we bend in humble meekness,
At the shrine o' toddlin' one,
In this hour o' blessed rompin',
Then's when baby has her fun!
—Edward N. Wood, in Atlanta Constitution.

THEY KNOW THE ROAD.

A Trick Which Manhattan Beachers Play on the Uninitiated.

The regulars and the old-timers take a mean advantage of occasional visitors to Manhattan Beach. There is always a rush on the part of ladies and children for the trains which leave for East New York and Flatbush avenue between 6 and 7 o'clock. As the trains stand on the track the sun beats in the right side windows. The ladies and children pile into the cars breathlessly and take up all the seats on the shady side. Then they smile at each other and cast pitying glances at the race track regulars who stroll in leisurely and sit in the sun.

After the trains get under way they make a sharp turn entering Sheepshead Bay, and the male side becomes the shady side, and it so continues until the end of the journey. Down comes the blinds, and the ladies vote the road and the men the biggest nuisances on earth. The men who know all about that turn devote themselves to the papers and occasionally wink and nod their heads over the way, as much as to say:

"They'll know better after they have been down here as many times as we have."

Blind Fanny Crosby.

Fanny Crosby, the blind Methodist hymn-writer, is now 70 years of age. She has written about 3,000 Sunday-school hymns, many of which are widely known. She was born at South East, N. Y., in 1823 and lost her sight when six weeks old through the ignorant application of a warm poultice to her eyes. She has been an inmate of and teacher in the Institution for the Blind in this city since 1835. In 1858 she was married to Alexander Van Alstyne, a musician, who was also blind. Her first poem was published in 1831, and her first volume of verse, "A Blind Girl and Other Poems," in 1844.

An erican Home in Japanese Style.

A house which is probably unique in America is that built in Salem, Mass., for his bride, by Bunkio Matsuki, a young Japanese who came to this country to familiarize himself with English before he joined the Buddhist priesthood in his own country. He met, loved and married a Salem girl, and having decided to remain in America, he has fitted up a home in Japanese style, importing tiles, wallpaper, drapery, screens, etc., from Japan. The bride's wedding dress was of Japanese silk, and her husband will try to teach her Japanese housekeeping.—Harper's Bazar.

Fortune's Darts.

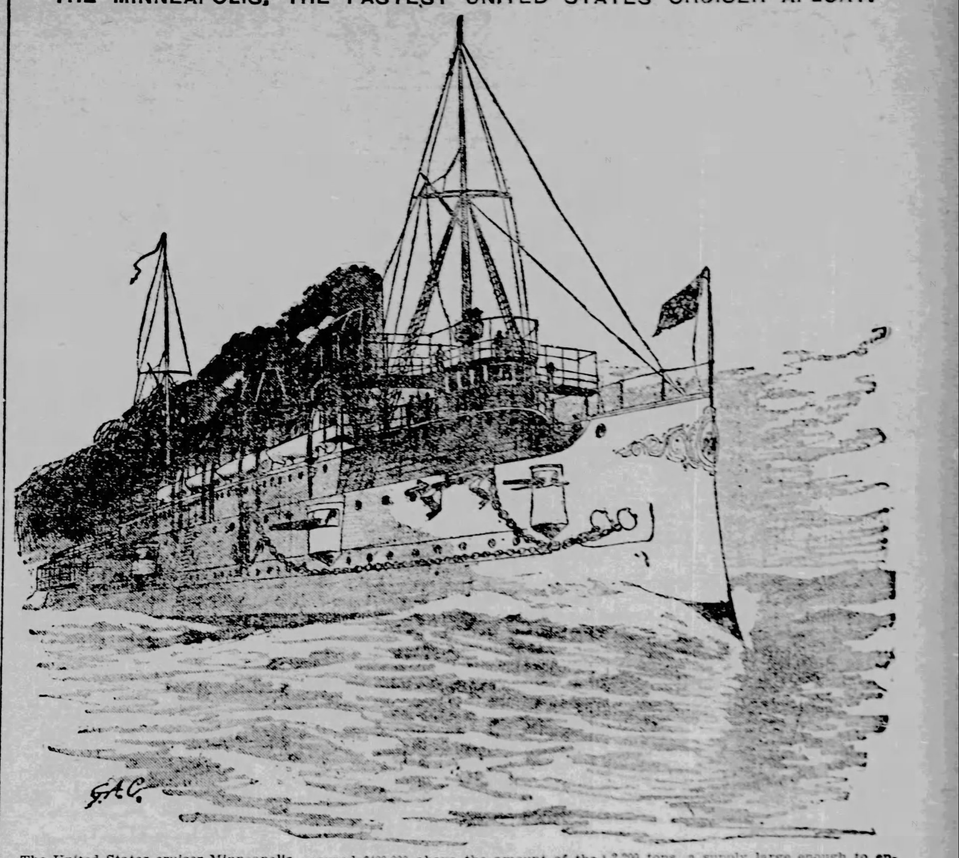
Fred—Do you think you will win that banjo at the raffle?

Shorty—No, indeed; I can play a banjo.—Truth.

Illiterate.

Of the twenty-six barons who signed the Magna Charta three wrote their names and twenty-three made their marks.

THE MINNEAPOLIS, THE FASTEST UNITED STATES CRUISER AFLOAT.



The United States cruiser Minneapolis, which has recently been completed in the ship-yard of Cramp & Sons, and tried off Cape Ann July 14, has proved the fastest warship in the world. The average speed on the trial trip was 23.05 nautical miles an hour. The highest speed for eight consecutive miles was an average of 23.42 miles an hour. The contract placed the cost of the vessel at $2,690,000. It was authorized by act of Congress March 2, 1891, and accepted by the shipbuilders August 31. As a premium of $50,000 was offered for each quarter of a mile made in excess of 21 knots an hour, the builders have earned $400,000 above the amount of the contract. The dimensions of the Minneapolis are 412 feet in length, 58 feet beam, and 22 feet 6 1-2 inches normal draft. The displacement is 7,350 tons. The cruiser has three three-cylinder vertical inverted triple expansion engines, with 21,000 indicated horse-power at 120 revolutions a minute. Her boilers are eight in number, double-ended, and placed in water-tight compartments. These boilers have a grate surface of 2,456 square feet, and a heating surface of 48,194 feet. In order to produce the maximum horse-power, these furnaces must turn into steam 340,000 pounds of water an hour, or more than two and one-third tons a minute. For this nineteen tons of coal an hour are required. The coaling capacity of the vessel is 2,800 tons, a supply large enough to enable it to cruise twelve thirds the distance around the world at a moderate speed. The experiment of using triple screws having proved a success on the sister ship Columbia, have been applied to the Minneapolis with more satisfactory results. The screws are placed one on the middle line, as in single screw vessels, and the other two under the counters. Their pitch is so altered as to add to the speed of the vessel. The Minneapolis is not being a warship, her armament is comparatively light. It consists of one eight-inch breech-loading rifle, two 6-inch rapid fire breech-loaders, eight 4-inch rapid fire guns, eight 6-pounder and four 1-pounder rapid fire guns, and four gatlings.

OPENED BY AMERICANS

KOREA, THE "HERMIT KINGDOM," AND TRADE RESTRICTIONS.

Massacre of the Crew of an American Vessel in 1866 Precipitated a Conflict—Capt. McKee's Campaign.

In order to trace the history of America's relations with Korea and the general opening up of the country to the influences of Western civilization, it is necessary to go back to the year 1866. At that time Korea was the "Hermit Kingdom" in more than name, says a writer in the New York Herald. The present king had ascended the throne a couple of years before, but being a mere boy the government was wholly in the hands of his regent father, who was a bitter hater both of foreigners and of change. Some French missionaries, who had braved the law of the country and boldly advanced into the native cities, were horribly massacred in 1866, and a French expedition sent to chastise the Koreans ascended the Seoul river and attacked several forts, but after a warm engagement was wholly baffled so heavily that the expedition sailed away without having accomplished the end aimed at, and having left the Korean soldiers with the impression that the foreigner could not fight, and that the Korean was invincible.

The General Sherman Massacre.

In the same year the American schooner, the General Sherman, chartered by a British trader, sailed for China on an experimental voyage of trade and discovery. The vessel entered the Ta-tong river and never returned. It was burned by natives, and those on board were slaughtered to the last man. Of the news of this massacre being received, Commodore—now Rear Admiral—R. W. Schufeldt, visited the peninsula with the war steamer Wachusett on a mission of inquiry. No satisfaction, however, was obtained, and a similar mission, under Commander Febiger, of the Shenandoah, despatched a few months later, proved equally barren. Finally, in 1871, the Asiatic squadron, consisting of the flag ship Colorado, the corvettes Alaska and Benicia, with the gunboats Monocacy—now at Chemulpo—and Palos, was despatched, under Rear Admiral Rodgers, to Korean waters.

It was intended to secure a treaty for the protection of Americans shipwrecked on the coast of Korea, to inquire into the General Sherman affair, and to obtain, if possible, a treaty of commerce. Powerful negotiations, however, proved to be impossible. The natives garrisoned the forts along the river and prepared to make things hot for the foreigners should they attempt to ascend the river toward the capital. A survey expedition, under Capt. Horner Blake, consisting of the Monocacy and Palos, with four steam launches, was sent up the river. When these were close to Kang-wa Island, the Korean batteries, containing some 80 guns, suddenly opened fire upon them. The redoubt was instantly wrapped in a sheet of flames, discharging in a few seconds about 500 shots, which fell around the vessels like a hailstorm. These rasped the water like a hailstorm. The veterans of the civil war had never known such rapid firing. Yet only one American was wounded.

Insult and Punishment.

Fortunately the order to fire had been given in error, and as soon as the American vessels were already out of the line of fire, and as the guns of the natives were fastened on logs, they could not be manipulated, and were of no further use. The answering fire from the gunboats and launches soon cleared the fort of its defenders, and a week later a punitive expedition was landed in order to teach the Koreans a necessary lesson. The force, composed of 650 men, was led by Commander L. A. Kimberly, the adjutant general being Lieutenant Commander W. Scott Schley, who was afterward to win fame as the rescuer of Lieutenant Greely.

The first battery, which was attacked unexpectedly in the rear, was taken without difficulty; the works were completely demolished and the cannon rolled into the river. On the following day the next fort—"Fort Monocacy," as it was christened—was cleared by shells from the Monocacy's guns and was then dismantled by the landed troops. An advance was made upon the citadel or principal fort, which was perched on the crest of a rocky hill. The Koreans were hovering beyond the reach of our guns in vastly superior numbers, and were evidently waiting for an opportunity to crush the little American army as soon as it had entered the ravine lying below the fort.

To defeat these tactics five howitzers and two companies of infantry were posted as a rear guard on rising ground, while the main body moved forward to storm the citadel. The Koreans attacked the howitzers in large numbers, but the excellent practice made by the American gunners under Master A. V. Wadhams, scattered them effectually, and prevented any large body of them from getting into close quarters with our men.

Presently, at a signal previously agreed upon, the firing from the Monocacy ceased, and amid a hail of bullets from the enemy our men sprang with a cheer impetuous to attack the citadel. They swarmed over the ramparts or through the breaches, and in a twinkling were at close quarters with the defending garrison. The Koreans fought stubbornly to the last without asking for quarter, and were all of them slain. After that the remaining subsidiary forts were soon captured, and the flags and 481 pieces of artillery fell into the hands of the conquerors. The citadel, being the minister to Korea, and found upon my hands in the country that the people and the king had not forgotten my letter of nearly ten years before. The treaty was signed near Chemulpo, and our ships fired a salute of twenty-one guns in accordance with the signal which I waved from the shore. An American cottage now stands on the spot where the treaty was signed, and it is the residence of Mr. Schoenleber, the wife of the German on the Chinese commissioner of customs.

"The Americans also opened Japan," Admiral Shufeldt said, "and had our people pushed their claims with the same vigor and energy that characterized my own in later, we would now be the greatest foreign nation in connection with the Japanese empire. It is the same with Korea. Americans are now in the lead in the trade of the country, and by and by will be the predominating power. It is true that Korea is still wrapped in the darkness of its thousands of years of seclusion. Its people, however, are not entirely unfriendly to us. Years back, when the Japanese at the time Commodore Perry lay at anchor in Mississippi bay, I have lived some months in Korea, and I know something of the king and his people. I consider them a very bright race, and I expect to see a growth of civilization among them which will develop their country

A CLOUD.

A sudden gleam—a glimpse of blue,
A flash of light athwart the grass;
Cool raindrops softly sliding through
The woven branches, cease to fall.
A glint upon the insect's wing,
A rustle of light winds that pass,
A swell of song—that sunbeams bring—
And then a cloud came over all.

A sudden glance, not wholly meant,
A lingering in the leafy walk;
Hand clasping hand with warm intent
That after-thoughts can scarce recall.
Smiles flashing out of keen blue eyes,
Deep thoughts concealed in idle talk,
Love waking with a glad surprise,
And then—a cloud—that darkened all.
—Fay Axtens.

HOME TALKS.

THE LESSONS WHICH NATURE TEACHES THROUGH TREES.

A Part of the Infinite Even as Man Is—Seeking the Companionship of Nature for Rest.

Good bye, my dear old friend!

I had no thought our parting was so near, no vision of the doom impending over your vigorous life. I have watched the shafts of light that quivered athwart the eastern sky and shot through your tender, trembling leaves, which thrilled with joy at the coming of the beauteous morn; I have seen you nod and whisper to your family group of your delight when the last rays of the setting sun sent their kisses back to brighten you into greater loveliness; in the still watches of the night when the stars looked silently down upon the sleeping world, I have hearkened to your murmuring in an unknown tongue of Nature's secrets; I have seen you bend low before the mighty breath of the winter's storm, then straighten up again as if defying the tempest's power, and I have gloried always in your beauty, your strength and undiminished vigor.

And now you lie prone in the dust!

I heard the blows that were struck at your heart and as each one fell, it seemed as if they were struck at my own. I knew that your life, the same in character with that which informs my human body only less in degree of consciousness, was ebbing away and that you would rejoice my eyes with your glory no more. One by one, each swift following upon the other, came the sounds that told how fast the work of death was going on. Suddenly there came a pause; then a mighty crash as if the tempest god had broken into fury; a rush through the air with a sound that seemed fraught with agonizing protest; and then you laid there, a fallen monarch shorn of your majesty and your power, dying by inches, and soon to disappear from my sight forever!

If I could have understood your language during the last moments of your life, how much of interest you might have told me. For many years you have stood there with your brothers and your friends watching the tide of events that flowed ever swiftly by. You have seen the forest's primeval solitudes of which you formed a part, invaded and destroyed as man came with his desire to conquer and to use all that is best in the world for his own comfort and enjoyment. You have heard from afar the sounds of strife and tumult which drew nearer and nearer, surrounding and hemming you in, and yet the unconscious lesson that you have taught has been always tranquility and strength, both untouched by fear.

And then another lesson you have taught is that of always looking upward, of aspiring to the best, of trying to reach our highest ideals. That is what you have done, what every tree does when left to Nature's own methods. You were a part and belonging of the Infinite mind, just as we are, a part and belonging of that mind only that our share is far greater and capable of a swifter expansion towards a union with the Divine. In Prentice Mulford's beautiful words, "You are one of the All Pervading Mind's myriads of thoughts. We see only such part or form of that thought as is expressed in trunk, root, branch and leaf, even as with ourselves we see only our physical bodies. We do not see our spiritual part. Nor do we see in the tree its spiritual part."

I believe that you had a spiritual part, a force, a power which you were constantly giving forth to those who loved you. It is this subtle, silent force which enters in and invigorates those men and women who love the silent woods, and seek there rest from the weariness which worldly struggles have brought to brain and body.

I have wondered since you fell whether you did not yield to attack easier than you would have done before your companions went down before the same destroyer. If you were a manifestation of Universal Love, as everything beautiful and strong and vigorous is declared to be, why may we not believe that love was a part of your nature, and the mainspring of that healing force of which I spoke before. I believe it was, and I believe further that whoever goes forth into the woods with a spirit attuned to nature will always feel—a sustaining force entering in to make him happier, stronger and more content.

And so in losing you, I feel that I have lost a friend—a friend who was firm, enduring, steadfast—a friend who returned to me as much as I gave. And though to people who look upon trees as fit only for lumber and firewood, my words may seem strained and fantastic, I do not fear that judgment from those who love the trees as I do, and who find in each and all a something that is akin to themselves in their better moods. To them these words from "The Infinite Mind in Nature" will bear a double meaning.

"When we come really to love God or the Infinite Spirit of Good, we shall love every part of God. A tree is a part of God. When we come to send out our love to it, it will send its love back, and that love—that literal mind and element coming from the tree to us will enter our beings, add itself to them and give us its knowledge and power. It will tell us that the mind and force it represents of the Infinite has far better uses for man than to be turned into fuel or lumber. Then love will tell us that the forests piercing the air as they do with their billions of branches, twigs and leaves, are literal conductors for a literal element which they bring to the earth. This element is life giving to man in proportion to his capacity for receiving it."

Believing this, and having that personal love that comes from the intimate, if silent, communion for months that have grown into years, it is small wonder that I grieve for you, my friend, whose body while I write is being dismembered and borne away. I grieve and wonder why Nature's glorious achievements must always make way for man's desires.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

Concerning "The Misunderstanding in the First Chapter."

I have just been reading a novel—not one of these modern affairs that end in the middle of a sentence, so to speak, and leave the reader wondering if it is really finished or not, but a good, old-fashioned story with a misunderstanding in the first chapter, that, because both young people interested are too proud to explain, widens "the rift within the lute" through the succeeding chapters, until the usual climax is reached.

The man is supposed to be dying; the lady overcomes her pride and goes to him; the long-delayed explanation takes place, he "falls into a refreshing slumber", and improves from that hour, and the story leaves them comfortably settled in a home of their own, surrounded by beautiful children!

Now, it was that "misunderstanding in the first chapter" that made all the trouble. One word from either man or maid would have cleared up the whole matter; to be sure, that would have "spoiled the whole story," but I could not help feeling as if I should like to shake them both for being so silly!

There are plenty of folks in real life who need a good shaking for that same cause.

How many, not only lovers, but friends, relatives, yes, and husbands and wives, drift apart from each other for lack of an honest word of explanation; the course of my novel is true enough then, to the climax, but alas! there is seldom a "miraculous recovery" to bring about the "peaceful home and beautiful children" finale. Instead, there is to apt to be the grave for one, and a dreary, remorseful life for the other.

Ladies of the Household, don't wait for that; whether it comes in the first chapter of your lives or way along "half-way through the book," or even when the tale is almost told, don't let that first misunderstanding come between you and those you love.

There is seldom a love that is so trustful that it is impossible to disturb it by a tiny doubt and doubts grow like weeds, and should be treated in the same manner.

Root them out; go straight to the "party of the second part;" tell them your side of the story, and ask them for theirs, and nine times out of ten, the doubt will be destroyed "root and branch," and you will feel such a delightful sense of freedom and good will toward all creation that the effort, the sacrifice of pride, you made in "speaking first," will seem the veriest trifle in the world; and while such straightforwardness on the part of the hero or heroine of a romance would bring their history to an abrupt and unsatisfactory conclusion, you will find that for every-day use it is by far the best course.

OUR "CONFERENCE MEETING."

Open to All—Freedom of Speech and Fair Hearing Guaranteed.

I have been very much interested in the Household for a long time, and enjoy it so much. How I did laugh at the sister's wrinkle and its cause, and then I wondered if it wouldn't smooth the way for a good many of us to acknowledge that we owned wrinkles, and sure enough before long one was brave enough to do it!

I want to protest against the picture of the lady at the head of our column. Just turn your paper and look at her! What a sweetly simpering, sleepy creature she is to be sure. She cannot represent our editor or any of the sisters, for they are all as bright as new pennies. Imagine if you can Miss Bouton, Jean Hunt, Mary, or Peggie Clover, going around with their eyes half shut and with such an inane expression!

I wish we could have a change, but changes are not so fashionable now as they were before election.—Annie M. Beals.

Can this correspondent give "The Schoolmistress" any information concerning one "Mollie Moore," who has been "missing" for some time?

Looking on the Bright Side.

There is a "bright side" even to these dark days of strikes, Democratic administration and financial distress. Our old "ship of state" was "out on the ocean sailing," conquering boats of opposition, boats filled with anarchists and objectionable foreigners; boats loaded with "trusts" and weighted with capitalists, long before we took our seats in it. She is just as strong and trustworthy to-day as she was then. The French have a proverb that "The present is for those who enjoy; the future for those who suffer." We should in every possible way seek to enjoy the present to the fullest extent, and not waste its golden hours in gloomy forebodings, living in constant dread of we know not what. To be sure our portion may not equal our neighbor's, or be all that we desire, but when we remember the multitudes who would rejoice had they but a tithe of what is ours to enjoy, we cannot fail to be grateful to the bountiful giver for this bright side shown to us.

By becoming accustomed to our mercies we undervalue them. We accept what we have only as an earnest of more, and are impatient and sorrowful if that does not directly follow at our bidding. In our selfishness we forget the greater sufferings through sickness, hopeless sorrow, and hunger; through leaving dear, helpless children motherless and fatherless. Yes, we are prone to forget the sorrows from which we have escaped, and never remember to send up one note of thanksgiving and praise to God from whom "all blessings flow," simply because the undertakers, the horse shoers, the bakers, or the Pullman men are out on a strike. Shame on us for a lot of long-faced Christian women, when our faith in the overruling and protecting care of our All-Wise Father ought to be so sure, so strong, and so perfect that unconsciously brightness and trust would shine from our faces to illumine and make strong other lives around us.—Lu H. Wagner.

"Raises a Point of Order."

Will you allow a common, Republican, farmer-man a place in your department? I can but wonder as I read the newspapers at the unwise actions of our national "great men." They seem to be blinded by pride and puffed up with conceit; fed and clothed with the money of the common people, kept in circulation by various kinds of labor; men in all sorts of business and professional callings, led, not by honest, thinking people, but by politicians, and the makers, sellers and consumers of whisky! In consequence we are to-day a nation "drunk in the eyes of justice," and unable to carry on the affairs of the country as an honest, prosperous people should. I am no office-seeker nor political magnate. My father was a common farmer 50 years ago when Democracy and slavery was the watchword and the curse of civilized America. "Dottie Dimple" in her reply to "Iowa Blonde" says: "Yet we do not honor the men who, years ago, left wives and children to battle at home for bread while they went south to battle for the emancipation of the colored race?" As I understand the case, those men did not leave home and family, and endure the hardship of a soldier's life, merely to conquer our Southern friends and take away their slaves. They went because they were called upon by the President of these United States to suppress a rebellion of armed men who had declared war on Union soldiers at Fort Sumpter. Should we stand by and see our defenders treated thus, at home or abroad, slavery or no slavery? Loyalty to country was their guerdon, not the freeing of the colored race.

The Union veterans on the whole, do not occupy an enviable position; kept on the pension rolls only by the law; accused by the South of being murderers, thieves and traitors, who came into their land to take their lawful property and to destroy their homes; and classed by thoughtless Northerners with John Brown and his followers. The peerless principle of patriotism seems altogether lost sight of in the secondary cause of the great rebellion.

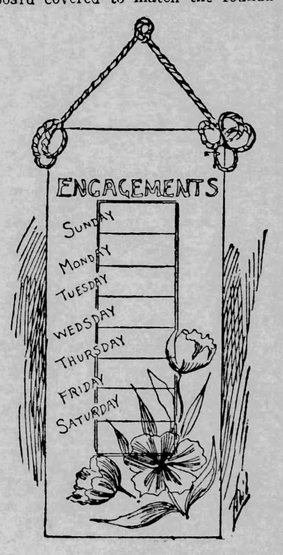
I do not oppose equal suffrage, and I believe the women of Kansas are as intelligent and could vote as wisely, and work for the best interests of their families as well as the men. I am also of the opinion that if they voted and held office affairs of government could not be more shaky than they have been for the last eight months.—"A Veteran."

FOR "READY REFERENCE."

In Case You Forgot, or Tommy Cuts His Finger, Etc.

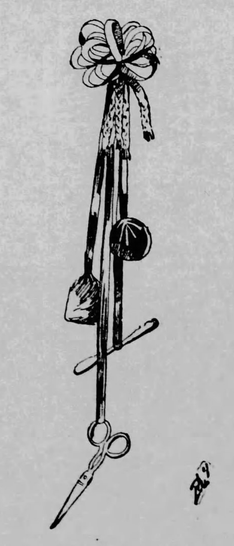
A Social Account Keeper.

Cut out of cardboard a panel 8 inches wide by 18 inches long and cover it neatly with silk of any desired color. Our model was in yellow, with a suspension cord of twisted silk looped at each end and sewed to the upper corners. Eight oblong pieces of cardboard covered to match the foundation are fastened at the ends and lower edge, through the center of this the upper edge left loose to form a pocket. After these are adjusted on the panel the names of the days of the week are painted upon the left hand as in the illustration, while a bunch of red and white tulips decorate the lower right hand corner, and the word engagements in white corresponding with the names of the days finishes the dainty "reminder."



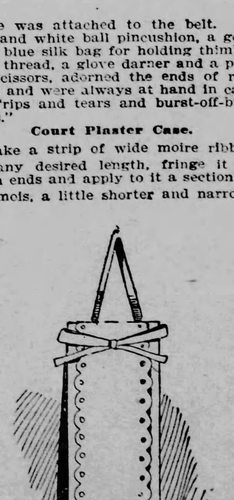
Convenient Chatelaine.

The original was a patriotic affair, consisting of unequal lengths of red, white and blue ribbon; the fourth being the gold-color of the "suffragists." These were looped at the upper end into a rosette that covered a large book, by means of which the chatelaine was attached to the belt. A red and white ball pincushion, a gold and blue silk bag for holding thimble and thread, a glove darner and a pair of scissors, adorned the ends of ribbon, and were always at hand in case of "rips and tears and burst-off-buttons."



Court Plaster Case.

Take a strip of wide moire ribbon of any desired length, fringe it at both ends and apply to it a section of chamois, a little shorter and narrower than the ribbon, which should be pinked and perforated at the edges Both the ribbon and the chamois are folded double, and through two openings made at the top a narrow ribbon or silk cord is drawn to hang the case by. The leaves of court plaster are held between these covers by another narrow ribbon, or band of narrow silk elastic passed around the upper part of the case.



Swiss Bureau Set.

(By request.)

Take fine Swiss muslin or India mull the size of the top of the bureau; across the corners embroider small sprays of forget-me-nots in fine silk; line with blue silk or silesia; edge with lace two or three inches in width, which has a narrow beading; through this beading draw No. 1 blue ribbon; make the cushion 8 by 19 inches; embroider with sprays of the same flower; plait the lace around with the ribbon drawn through the beading; at the four corners tie long bows of inch-wide blue satin ribbon. The cushion must first be covered with blue silesia. Mats to correspond.

Button Bag.

Take a piece of chamois skin six inches wide by eight inches long, a bright-colored piece of silk or satin 12 inches long by 5 inches wide, and two yards of narrow ribbon. Fold the chamois through the middle crosswise, and stitch up the ends. Across the bottom put a fringe of the skin,

cut in quarter-inch strips. At the top sew in the piece of satin or silk previously joined at the ends in a firm seam. Make a hem at the top of the silk one inch wide through which to run ribbon draw-strings. On one side of the bag paint "an all-over" design of bachelor's buttons; on the other the words: "Button's Inn."

A GOODLY GRIST

Of Inquiries for the Household Mill.

The "step mother" question has came up again this week, and, as the editor said before, it is not at all disrespectful to speak of her as such; on the other hand, "An Inquirer" wants to know if it would be deceitful to introduce such a relative as "mother." The editor thinks not, and in most instances, especially if "Father" was present, that would be less awkward for all parties concerned than the term "step-mother."

Estelle:—For the information you require, write to the "Moody Training School," Chicago, Ill. In the Christian Herald, (T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., editor, Bible House, N. Y.), for July 25, 1894, there is an article on the subject that might interest you. The number will be sent you on application to the publishers, no doubt. Thank you for your kindly expressed interest in The Household.

Mrs. Mary N.:—Your request is similar to one printed a short time since, and is answered by a reply sent to the inquiry as follows: Here is a recipe for "sticky flypaper," which my mother has tried and not "found wanting: Rosin, 11 oz., castor oil, 1-2 pt., add molasses 1-2 teacupful. Melt the resin in a tin can and pour in the castor oil and molasses; let it boil a few moments and spread on paper while warm. Paper that is thick and not too easily torn is best. The paper will be greasy if there is too much oil in the mixture, and it will not hold a fly if too much resin is used.

Will some one send a recipe for making a glue or cement for mending broken glassware or dishes?—"Cella Quinte."

Will some one give me a good recipe for canning sweet corn for winter, telling what kind of can to use?—Mrs. L. J. L.

"Aunt Mercy:"—Poetry is seldom printed as correspondence, prose being very much preferred; there is little danger, however, of your coming too often; every Household sister is a welcome guest, no matter how frequently she knocks at the editor's door.

"Doubting Thomas:"—The Merry-Go-Round letters are written by "real truly correspondents." It would be quite a tax on Miss Prudence's brain to invent them all, and the editor wonders at you, Thomas, for harboring such ridiculous suspicions.

"Auburndale Daisy:"—In the editor's opinion it is exceedingly bad taste to chew gum in any public place, and talking about one's private affairs in a street car, is not to be thought of by any one who wishes to "be a true lady." "Grave yard" is a "proper" word enough, though "cemetery" is the one in common use just at present.

THE COOK'S IN THE COUNTRY.

Some "Harvest Hand" Edibles She Ate There.

Corn Bread.

Two cupfuls sifted meal, 1-2 cupful flour, 2 cupfuls sour milk, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls soda (dissolved in the milk) 2 tablespoonfuls melted shortening. Bake nearly one hour.—Mrs. Florence C.

Short Rolls.

Two qts. flour, a small piece of butter, 1-2 teaspoonful salt, 1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls yeast; mix with warm milk, making into a light dough, and keep it warm over night. In the morning add 1 teaspoonful soda, make into rolls and bake quickly.—Iva Gale.

Onions on Steak.

Peel (holding hands and onions under water to prevent tears) and slice the onions crosswise so as to form undivided rings; flour them, fry five or six minutes, drain, sprinkle with salt and pepper and spread over the steak. —Happy Housekeeper.

Stewed Cherries.

Pick over and wash the cherries carefully, but do not remove the pits, and stew them in almost enough water to cover them. Rub a tablespoonful of flour "smooth" in a little water, and when the cherries are cooked stir it in; sweeten to taste and serve cold.—Helen Jay.

Scotch Cake.

One and one-half cupfuls butter, 2 1-2 cupfuls sugar, 8 eggs, 1 1-2 pts. flour; 1 teaspoonful baking powder; 2 tablespoonfuls coriander seed, 3 cupfuls stoned raisins, 1 tablespoonful extract lemon. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the eggs two at a time, beating for five minutes between addition. Then add flour and baking powder sifted together, then the extract, last of all the coriander seed. Bake in shallow, paper-lined, square cake pans in a moderate oven for one hour.—Happy Housekeeper.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Start Off Gally This "Last Month of Summer."

"Roxie" has earned first place in the Circle to-day by being the first to send for "Flo's" address; seems to Miss Prudence her girls are not in over-much haste to write to the "invalid member." Roxie says she believes in equal rights, and thinks that when women are given the ballot drunkeness will become a thing of the past. She also thinks that girls should not associate with young men who take even an occasional drink, and she would like to correspond with any of the Merry-Go-Rounds.

It is a little late in the season for "Pussy Willows," but the chaperone found one in the M. G. R. this morning. A real little country "Pussy Willow," too, living three miles from the nearest town. Her favorite study is history, and the authors she likes best are E. P. Roe and Louisa M. Alcott." You filled your "small corner" nicely. Pussy, come again.

"Cherry Bloom" agrees with "Peach Blossom" that if the girls would turn a cold shoulder to the young men that drink they would reform if they wished to enjoy the society of ladies. She would like to correspond with a view to increasing her information on various subjects.

"Pansy-blossom," having been an interested reader of the column, steps in to tell the members that her favorite author is T. S. Arthur, and her future vocation, she hopes, is to be teaching.

"Evelyn" writes Miss Prudence a dear little note of thanks, and says she is well pleased with the "splendid book" sent her for the prize essay. She says: "Our corner is getting better every week; it is so interesting, and I think 'Excelsior' an excellent motto for us."

"Hazel Thornton"—Miss Prudence will examine the "MS" at her first leisure, and will give you her opinion in brief through this column, or will send you a fuller expression of it by mail, if you care to send a stamped envelope. The Chaperone is very much interested in "literary efforts," having made one or two herself in years gone by.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—Several of you have expressed yourselves as being in favor of equal suffrage; only one has taken the opposite stand, "Vera Rosa," I wish to shake hands with you.

"Them 'ere is my sentiments tew." The "lords of creation" have managed the affairs of state in the past; are they retrograding that woman should assist them in the future? Liberty at the ballot box is only the first step.

It seems to me that women have other and nobler "rights," and for her own true womanhood's sake she should not aspire to a place in politics.

"Tamarack," I am sorry none of us could give you the recipes for which you asked. If you have solved the cookery question yourself by this time please tell us.—Susie.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—Although I am for woman suffrage I must admit that I admired Vera Rosa's letter very much. From the tone of it Vera, you surely do not agree with the world-famed Molly Lease, and you belong in the same state, too! Moxie, come often; I think your letters splendid, and if some girls do give you the cold shoulder I hope you can stand it better than Earl did. I dislike a person who can't stand an argument; there are two sides to all things, and just as I was thinking of adopting some of Carl's superior ideas and flattering myself that he might do us girls the great honor of changing his mind on some subjects he took his hat and left! How many of the members have read Talmage's "Pathway of Life." I think it grand. Whittier, Carleton and Longfellow are my favorite poets; I name my favorite prose authors by the score. Evelyn, I congratulate you on the valuable prize you have won; I, too, would have tried for it if I had not have been so busy, and had intended to choose Abraham Lincoln for my hero. Like Moxie I say let's put that question of a badge and motto to a vote; I am really anxious for one of those enviable badges. "Queen Mab," what has become of you; have you forgotten "Bitter Sweet?"

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—Here I am for the second time seeking admittance to your circle. To-day I want to ask the girls how many have ever taken what I would call a real pleasure trip some distance from their home? I visited in Colorado a few years ago, and outside of my school days it was the most delightful of my experiences. I took several trips to the mountains, one being to Manitou or "Pike's Peak," and while there visited two of the most prominent caves; the Cave of the Winds and what is known as the Grand Cavern. I see occasionally a letter from Colorado, and I would like to enter into a correspondence with some one from there or any other state west of the Rockies. I am fond of mountainous regions, and also like to be near the water. Must leave you or Miss Prudence may not admit me again.—"Estelle."

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I am occupying the telegraph office by myself to-day, doing the work of two men, as the operator that I am with has gone out to a pleasure resort to picnic the day away. We have one "local" wire and five through wires in our office. The local, which we use mostly, is about 125 miles long, and extends from Ypsilanti, Mich., to Hillsdale, and thence to Lansing, our capital. The through wires, which are used mostly for communicating between large cities, extend from Detroit to Chicago, and are constantly in use both day and night. I have been in the telegraph and railroad business one year, and am very much pleased with the work. For fear of spending too much of the railroad company's time and perhaps getting a "lay off" I will "quit."—"Clifford."

WHAT IS TO COME?

What is to come we know not. But we know
That what has been was good, was good to show,
Better to hide, and best of all to bear.
We are the masters of the days that were.
We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered, even so.
Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?
Life was our friend. Now if it be our foe,
Dear, though it spoil and break us need we care
What is to come?
Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow
Or the gold weather round us mellow slow;
We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare,
And we can conquer, though we may not share
In the rivh quiet of the afterglow,
What is to come?
—William Ernest Henley, in Woman's Tribune.

To Think Of.

There is a period of fatigue, a line of demarcation, as it were, between life and death, which no woman can pass with impunity, and she has no moral right to cross it, whether she is in the midst of dish-washing, sweeping a room, making a dress, or writing a book. It is nature's warning, and should be observed, and those who do not regard it always—mark that word—go from bad to worse, until they either wreck the happiness of their homes or destroy themselves.

Some women are as dissipated in their order and neatness as others are in social life, in attendance upon parties and receptions.

And it all comes from ignorance.

An environment may be hard and difficult to manage, but intelligence will always come to the rescue, if people are willing to open the doors and windows of their souls and let the light in.

Again, the woman who thinks more of washing her dinner dishes than obliging her husband invites all the inharmony into her life which she will be sure to have. It is surprising how people deliberately throw away all their chances of happiness and spiritual growth, as well as all opportunities of doing good.—Eleanor Kirke's Idea.

Poor Man.

There are so many funny phases and points about the woman question which is just now engaging public attention that the looker-on is forced to laugh often, even while understanding the earnestness underneath. One of the funniest of these is the male irrepressible, who gets up every little while and wails: "But, good gracious, fellow-men, if we give woman all these things she wants, don't you see that she won't marry man any more?"

His little plea is so ingenuous and touching, and withal so natural, that one hesitates to laugh at him. He means so well, poor fellow; and it's so comically comic that he does not see how he gives himself away each time he utters it—that he doesn't see how he is betraying the innermost secrets of his heart!

What an opinion he must hold of his own attractions! What a different view he must really have of the "enviable place" of woman in the marriage relation, compared to the place he always prates about! He thinks that it is necessary to drive her into marriage by shutting other avenues of employment and making other occupation unpleasant. She should be forced into her "natural duties" by being taught sternly that the choice is only Hobson's choice, after all! It would be still funnier if it were not so serious; it would be tragic, if it were not so absurd. Is it possible that men seriously reason that it is desirable for woman to marry because it is the easiest way for her to make a living? Would any individual man like to think that his wife married him for that reason? Is he satisfied with the reflection that his female relatives do the like?

Nature may safely be left to manage her own business. There is no doubt that many marriages are made at present from inferior and wrong motives. When we have disposed of these, or focused all motives down to one, and that one the only right motive for marriage, marriages may not be at first so numerous, but they will be happier and more enduring.—E. L. C., in Eleanor Kirke's Idea.

Looking Cool in Summer.

That girl never looks cool who doesn't know how to dress herself for the summer days, writes Ruth Ashmore in a delightfully refreshing page of summer advice to girls in the June Ladies' Home Journal. A hot-looking wool frock or the stiffly-starched cotton one, both of them, not only look warm, but they feel warm, so to the girl who is forced to wear a woolen gown during the summer, who believes that she cannot indulge in some pretty cottons that will not need to visit the laundry, I am going to suggest that after the wool skirt has been freshened up and remodeled, mended and bound, that she take a little money and invest it in one or two shirt waists. If she feels she can only get one, then she buys a dark silk, blue or black, with possibly a little figure upon it in white. If she feels that she can afford more, then there are innumerable cotton ones that may be gotten at very reasonable prices, but these, of course, will have the added expense of the laundry, for they cannot stand being worn many times without being laundered. The dark blue silk blouse, made with large sleeves, turned-over collar, so that the throat has an opportunity to be cool, may be worn with almost any colored skirt.

IN AUGUST.

Duties I put away;
My heart keeps holiday.
I flee the fervent heat
And seek the cool retreat,
Where I can see the blue
And silver river flow,
And green and distant woods—
Sweet silent solitudes.
Here all is calm; the grass
Scarce rustles as I pass.
One works; I hear his booms
In honeysuckle blooms.
Go, brown bee, go away;
I love not work to-day;
But with white clouds above
That rove, my thoughts would rove
In random luxury,
Through earth and air and sky.
Even the birds are still,
And the wind upon the hill.
Seen through the tremulous air,
All things look calm and fair;
And I with them would cease
For this delicious peace;
Letting the world go by,
With for it all an eye.
—William Francis Barnard, in The Chautauquan for August.

Training Husbands.

Permit me to express a few thoughts which may help to clinch the excellent article in a recent issue of the Woman's World entitled "The Degeneration of Husbands," from the gifted pen of Agnes Rosenkrans.

Dr. Hall says, "A man is what his wife makes him." That is putting it rather strongly. Woe be to women! if they are responsible for all the misdeeds of alas! too many husbands. But, had he had under consideration order alone, I should feel like adding: "He is right." In reading the foregoing article I seemed to see in "Mrs. Newly-wed" myself, as long ago I foolishly commenced training the one to whom I had given myself for weal or woe, by taking full charge of his wardrobe and bringing forth every article as he needed it. He proved an apt scholar—most men do in that respect—and soon he was helplessly dependent; not knowing where to find as much as a handkerchief. And I rather enjoyed it—it made me seem such a "helpmeet."

I had just fairly commenced this course of training when we received a visit from an aged couple. He was a man of unusual stature, a picture of health and manliness; she was a frail little body. Still how she waited upon him, laying out every article of clothing, adjusting his collar and tie, helping him put on his coat, and even bringing forth his rubbers, hat and cane. I thought it was beautiful and told her so, but she sighed, saying: "It was a great mistake to train him to be so dependent upon me, for if he outlives me it will be all the harder for him. But I commenced that way, and now I must continue as I have done all these years; but when I am gone I am afraid no one will have patience with his helplessness."

I should have taken warning from that example, but I did not—it was "so sweet to run errands of love." It was all very well while I had health and no little ones to tax my strength, but in after years, when invalidism was my portion, I saw my mistake, and tried to rectify it, but it was uphill work. The old adage, "It is hard to teach old dogs new tricks" applies to man as well as beast.

My advice to young wives now is: "Begin right." Do as does a married friend. Calling there recently the wants of a poor man were brought to our notice, and said my hostess "When my husband comes home I will ask him if he can spare anything in the line of clothing." "At our house," I said, "I should be the best judge as to that." The reply was "Not so here. I have nothing whatever to do with my husband's clothes, except to mend those he lays out as needing it. He has his own closet and dresser, and arranges and sorts over his things just as I do mine, and I have no responsibility in regard to them—though of course, I feel it a privilege to advise him or help him in any way if he asks it." "You are wise beyond your years," I said. "Well, I took warning by my mother's slavish life," she continued, "and I determined to train my husband in the right way. It works like a charm, too."

Much is written on "training children," but it would not be out of place to give more thought to the training of husbands. In closing, let me say that the "helpless" old gentleman I made mention of did outlive his wife, but, strange to say, he managed very nicely without the loving care of his frail wife. He did just what most men do under such circumstances—showed the folly of the slavish departed by appearing more carefully dressed than before she laid down the burdens of life.—Wisconsin Woman's World.

Woman's Share in War.

Senator Hoar, who takes the side of the woman suffragists in a controversy with Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley in the August number of the Century, says:

I do not think that the capacity to bear arms, which is sometimes suggested as essential to the right to vote, has anything to do with it. It is said that it is not just that any class of persons should have a voice in deciding whether the nation shall go to war that is not itself exposed to the perils of war. But we apply no such principle to the large number of persons who are above the military age, the persons who are physically unfitted to bear arms, or the persons whom we exempt because of their profession, as clergymen, or because of their being assigned to other public duties, as legislators. Certainly the woman who cannot go to war does not so much deserve to be disfranchised as the man who can go and won't go. Besides, in modern times, women have to bear a large share both of the risk and the burden of carrying on war. That new occupation—I am sometimes tempted to say the most valuable and useful of all professions which in our time has been added to the list of highest human employments—that of trained nurse, belongs to women.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

TWO LADDIES.

Two of us stood in that hallowed place—
I, with my middle-aged sober air,
And a little street arab, whose freckled face
Was fixed on the laddie pictured there—
A beautiful child of a royal race,
Arrayed in satins and jewels rare,
With priceless trimmings of delicate lace,
And a plumed chapeau on his flowing hair.

"I wonder," he said, "if that chap knows
How a feller feels who has little to eat,
With a pile of rags for his bestest clothes,
An' his home a corner on Baxter street?
I'll bet yer he sits on an illegant throne,
An' he takes his males from a golden plate,
My velvet sofy's a cold curb-stone,
An' a whack on the head if I sleep too late."

But I, with my knowledge of weal and woe,
With the dreary lessons that life will give,
To those who watch the days as they go
And study the live that men must live—
I looked at the lad with his merry smile,
And the freckled cheek so round and red,
Then back to the picture's mournful eyes,
And the sorrowful droop of that child-ish head;

And I thought perhaps were the stories known
Of the pictured child and the ragged boy,
The one might be read in a minor tone,
The other would end in peace and joy.
Each child is held in a Father's care,
And their angels wait about his throne;
Each must his burden of sorrow bear,
And all the good gifts are not for one.
—Mary E. Vandyne, in Harper's Young People.

A GIRL'S EXPERIMENT.

"Oh, dear! I do wish I could do something to earn some money," sighed pretty Nellie Burton, tapping her slate impatiently, her white forehead drawn into a deep frown. "If we only had a good encyclopedia and some other books for reference and reading, how much easier and pleasanter our studying would be these long winter evenings. But we can't have them, so it's no use to think of it. Papa has all he can do to pay our rent and supply us with the necessaries for our housekeeping, without buying any more books."

Nellie finished her soliloquy with a little sigh, and was soon in a deep reverie, revolving in her mind a dozen wild plans for earning the money for the coveted books.

Nellie Burton and her two brothers, Frank and Archie, both younger than herself, were attending the university in one of our Western states. Their parents were farmers, living a few miles out of the city, and had been prosperous, well-to-do people until the hard times of the past year had reduced their income to barely enough to meet their necessary expenses. What with partial failure of the wheat crop, low prices of grain and cattle, and the high taxes, Mr. Burton's usually placid countenance began to wear a worried expression, which his daughter Nellie was not slow to note.

He was, however, a man who appreciated the advantages of a good education, and he had determined in spite of the hard times to send his three elder children to the university.

To that end he had rented a small three-roomed house in the outskirts of the city, and with some spare furniture from home, a second-hand cook stove which they had bought for a song, a bright, homemade rag carpet on the sitting room floor, and bits of Nellie's fancy work here and there to brighten the dull walls, it was quite cosy and home like.

Nellie did the cooking, the boys helping her with the housework, and their father supplied them with provisions from the farm, so they were not put to much expense.

This was the third week of school, and they were getting fairly interested in the new studies. They were bright students, but Nellie had begun to realize that if they would keep pace with their classmates they must devote much of their time in the evening to study, and to feel the need of books affording information not found in text books. How to secure these was the question which was puzzling her as they sat around the sitting room table this evening in late September.

The boys were deeply interested in preparing the various lessons, and had not paid much attention to their sister's abstraction, when suddnly she exclaimed: "Boys, I have an idea!"

"Chain it!"

"Don't let it get away!" they cried facetiously.

"Don't be silly," she retorted. "Put down your books and listen."

"Now," she continued, as they sat bolt upright in attitudes of rigid attention, "you know how much we need. Some new books, and you also know we cannot have them this winter; why can't we all try to do something towards getting them in time for another year? Of course, we can have the benefit of the University Library, but that is not like having the books at home. My plan is this: Suppose we try to raise some flowers for Decoration Day. You know in this climate there are scarcely any flowers in bloom then only those in the greenhouses and the early blooming bulbs. We might plant a lot of bulbs—tulips, hyacinths, jonquils and narcissus, which all come into bloom about a week or ten days before May 30th; we will sell them to the florist, and the proceeds will give us a good start on our book fund."

Nellie paused for breath, and the boys began to raise objections.

"Suppose the florist won't buy 'em," said Frank.

"Where will you get your bulbs?" asked Archie.

I feel sure that we can sell them, because Mrs. Green, the florist's wife, told me last spring that they could not furnish half enough cut flowers for Memorial services, and they sent out to buy all they could get. However, I should want to see her again, and make sure of a market.

"As for bulbs, you know grandma Burton said last fall that she would send us a large package of bulbs if we wanted them, but we did not get the beds prepared, and so did not write for them. Perhaps she would send them this year, as she has so many, and they increase so fast.

"Then we have a little money that we could spare, and I will do without my new hat this winter, and that will make a little more, and, boys, what do you say?

"Don't seem as though we need to say anything," said Frank; "seems as though you are going to do it all," with a comical glance at Archie.

"Oh, but," said Nellie, "the beds have to be dug deep and spaded and fertilized, and that will occupy you and Archie for several evenings. What do you say, shall we try it?"

"Why, yes," said Archie. "I believe it's a good scheme, and I'll do all I can to help."

"And I, too," said Frank. Where shall we dig the beds?"

"There is plenty of room in this big front yard, and if we shouldn't happen to sell them, we can enjoy them ourselves enough to repay us for our small investment," replied Nellie. "To-morrow morning I shall stop at Mrs. Green's and see if they will engage the flowers. If she will, I shall write to grandma, and send an order to one of those large Eastern firms whose catalogues we have."

Early next morning Nellie called upon Mr. Green, the florist, explained her errand, and waited anxiously for his reply.

"Well, Miss Nellie," he said slowly. "This is a long time ahead to engage flowers; reminds one of 'counting chickens before they're hatched.' Times are very hard, and I can't say what the demand for flowers will be, but if there is anything like the call for them we had last year, I should not hesitate to say I could take them; as it is, I can not promise."

With this answer Nellie was forced to be content; and bidding Mr. Green good morning, went on her way to school with spirits somewhat dampened.

However, as she thought it over, she determined to try the experiment. "For," she thought, "we will have the bulbs anyway, they will be well ripened before vacation, and we can take them up and plant them on the farm to gladden mother's eyes. Dear mother, how she would enjoy them!"

(Concluded Next Week.)

LITTLE BROWN BUSHY-TAIL.

Little brown Bushy-Tail lived up in a tree,
And mossy and snug was his nest;
Acorns and beechnuts in plenty had he,
And he scarcely knew which he liked best.

He was cheery of temper and agile of limb,
And his own little will was his law;
For what was the world and its worries to him,
When he held a plump nut in his claw?

As he cracked it, he twinkled his knowing black eyes,
The kernel picked out by and by;
Then he ate it, and looked uncommonly wise,
Said, "Folk may be worse off than I.

"For I'm sure I'm content with my portion in life,
And of nuts I've a plentiful store;
With my little brown babies, and little wild brown wife,
What on earth could a squirrel want more?"

He had lots of near neighbors as merry as he,
They were cheery and playful each one;
Don't they show us that happy 'tis easy to be
If good humor we give with our fun?

Content with the blessings our Father may give,
How happy would all of us be;
If we tried with our friends and our neighbors to live
As the brown squirrel did in the tree!
—Astley H. Baldwin.

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

WASHINGTON.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, July 31.—The only feature of interest in the proceedings of the Senate to-day was the discussion of the site for a new government printing office, which came up during the consideration of the sundry civil bill. The general deficiency appropriation bill was reported to the Senate and placed on the calendar as was also the House bill to provide a uniform system for bankruptcy.

The session of the House to-day was brief. Most of the time was spent discussing the Senate amendment to the agricultural bill appropriating $1,000,000 for the destruction of the Russian thistle in the Northwestern states. The House instructed the conferees to further insist on its disagreement to this amendment.

Washington, Aug. 1.—The House spent the whole day debating the Moore-Funston contested election case from the second Kansas district. Mr. Funston, the Republican contestee, made a speech in his own behalf. The Republican resolution favorable to Funston was disagreed to—90 to 126. Eight Democrats—Russell of Ga., Pendleton, Tex., Barnes, Wis., Paynter, Ky., Hare, Ohio, Hall, Minn., Richards, Ohio, and Ritchie, Ohio, voted with the Republicans in favor of the resolution. Without taking the vote on the majority resolutions in favor of Moore, the contestant, the House adjourned.

The main question before the Senate to-day was the sundry civil bill, and a great many important amendments were adopted. Final action on the bill was not reached, however, owing to the large number of amendments proposed. A number of bills were passed, among them being a House bill extending the time for payment of purchases of land of the Omaha tribe of Indians in Nebraska.

Among the petitions presented was one from Morrison L. Swift, of Boston, who recently made himself notorious by his anarchistic actions and words on the steps of the Boston court-house, calling on Congress to resign, presented by Mr. Lodge. In this connection Mr. Hoar, (Rep., Mass.) took occasion to state that he had received a similar petition, but in view of the fact that his colleague had presented one, he should withhold his. The demand of those worthy gentlemen, he said, sarcastically, seemed to be made without an understanding of the requirements of the constitution.

Washington, Aug. 2.—The House today passed a bill authorizing the purchase of property and franchises of the Choctaw Coal and Railway company. Unanimous consent for the consideration of a bill for the suppression of the lottery traffic was objected to. Mr. Brown, (Rep., Indiana) from the committee on Elections, then called up the contested election case of Moore vs. Funston. The vote to-day was taken on the majority resolution declaring Mr. Funston (Rep.), the contestee, not elected, and Mr. Moore (Dem.-Populist) entitled to the seat. The resolution was adopted, 146 to 87. Six Democrats—Messrs. Barnes, Wisconsin; Hall, Minnesota; Griffin, Michigan; Harter, Ohio; Paynter, Kentucky, and Pendleton, Texas—voted with the Republicans against Mr. Moore. Upon the announcement of the vote, Mr. Moore came forward to the bar of the House and took the oath amid scattering applause.

But one more appropriation bill—the Deficiency—remains to be acted on by the Senate, the Sundry Civil having been passed to-day, after a three days' discussion. The most important amendments adopted to-day were the increase of the quarantine fund from $624,000 to $1,000,000 and donating 1,000,000 acres of "desert" lands to the states to which the desert land laws apply, as well as to Nebraska, Kansas, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma.

The resolution offered yesterday by Mr. Chandler, directing a special committee to investigate the Dominion Coal company, of Nova Scotia, whether it was organized, or is being conducted in the expectation that Congress would repeal the tariff on coal; whether any officers of the government are interested in the company, and whether any assurances that the duty would be removed were given the company, and if so, who gave such assurances, and what steps are being taken to fulfill the assurances, was laid before the Senate, and Mr. Chandler urged its adoption. No action was taken.

Washington, Aug. 4.—The last of the appropriation bills, the deficiency bill, was passed by the Senate after it had been under discussion nearly the entire day. The bills for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona to statehood were reported to the Senate and placed on the calendar. Mr. Davis, of Minn., introduced a bill defining operations in futures, imposing taxes on dealers therein, etc., which was about to be referred to the committee on agriculture, when Mr. Harris objected on the ground that it was intended to raise revenue, it should be considered by the committee on Finance. He protested against the bill as "prostituting the taxing power to a wholly unauthorized purpose."

The House spent a large portion of to-day discussing two bills, one for reclassification of the railway mail clerks and one for the classification of clerks in first and second class post offices, but neither was acted upon. The conference report on the River and Harbor bill was agreed to without division.

Washington, Aug. 4.—The House was not in session. The Senate passed a number of private pension bills, and then discussed, without action, the bill to restrict immigration.

Washington, Aug. 6.—In the Senate the Chandler resolution for the investigation of the Nova Scotia coal syndicate was discussed, without action. The immigration bill was passed. The House transacted some unimportant routine business, but spent most of the day debating Senate amendments to the Indian appropriation bill. No vote taken. Mr. Johnson, of Ohio, presented the memorial of the Central Labor Union, of Cleveland, Ohio, praying for the impeachment of United States District Judge Ricks, of Ohio.

QUEEN LIL'S EMISSARIES.

The Once Favorite of Queen Lil is Too Much American.

Washington, Aug. 7.—There is some curiosity manifested in Congressional circles to know the exact purpose of the visit of Messrs. Parker, Cummins and Wideman, the royalist envoys from Hawaii. While they talked with various members of the envoy they have not confided to any one definite impression of the ends which they hope to accomplish by their missions. In a general way they have reviewed the various wrongs attending the overthrow of the monarchy, from their standpoint, and they have complained of the interference of Mr. Stevens, which, they say, brought about the downfall.

They represent that the present government cannot be considered a republic, and are not satisfied with the attitude of Mr. Willis, who is said to be as friendly to the American element as was his predecessor. But they do not ask the members to do anything in behalf of the deposed queen, nor do they state definitely why they are here. One of the objects is suggested by members of Congress to have brought the delegation, to urge the administration to carry out its abandoned idea of the restoration of the queen or to make arrangements for pecuniary redress for her.

The commissioners have expressly disclaimed either of these purposes, and their objects are veiled in mystery.

MAKES A STRAIGHT ISSUE.

Manly Resolution of Senator Roger Q. Mills.

Washington, Aug. 6.—In the Senate to-day a resolution was introduced by Mr. Mills (Dem. Tex.) and ordered to lie on the table temporarily, declaring that in the revision of the existing system of national taxation the following principles should be observed:

First, that all taxes are burdens on the tax-payers and can only be rightfully imposed to raise revenue to support the government.

Second, that when taxes are imposed on imported goods the rate should be so low as not materially to restrict importation; and

Third, that in selecting articles to be taxed only those ready for consumption should be chosen and those imported for manufacture or re-manufacture should be exempt.

Concessions to Miners.

Washington, Aug. 6.—The Mexican government, by decree, encouragement of gold mining in that country has provided a series of concessions to miners in the shape of remission of duties on tools and plant, partial rebate of mining tax for ten years and exemption from federal impost.

Similar exemptions are granted to persons who will engage in irrigation in Mexico.

READY TO INVESTIGATE.

The Strike Commissioners Map Out Their Work.

Washington, Aug. 1.—The three members of the strike commission adopted the following preamble and resolution setting forth its duties and purposes:

"Whereas, The President of the United States has presented to the undersigned a commission to visit Chicago, Ill., and such other places in the United States as may be proper in the judgment of the commission, to the end that it may make careful inquiry into the causes of any pending dispute or existing controversies between the Illinois Central Railroad company and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad company and certain of the employes, and hear all persons interested therein, who may come before it; and

"Whereas, Section 6 of chapter 1063 of the laws of the United States, passed October 1, 1888, makes it the duty of said commission to examine the causes of said controversies, the conditions accompanying and the best means of adjusting the same, and to report the result of such examination to the President and to Congress; and

"Whereas, The questions involved in such controversies affect all interstate railroads and their employes; and

"Whereas, it is desirable that the report of this commission, and future legislation, if any, upon the questions at issue between labor, whether organized or unorganized, and employers thereof should be based upon all facts having any legitimate bearing upon such questions, and should be the result only of clear and well-defined public opinion; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That this commission will meet at the United States postoffice building in the city of Chicago, Ill., on the Fifteenth day of August, 1894, at 10 a. m., for the purpose of taking testimony in relation to said controversies, and to hear and consider all facts, suggestions and arguments as to the causes thereof, the conditions accompanying and the best means of adjusting the same, and as to any legislation or measures which ought to be recommended in regard to similar controversies hereafter.

"2. That all railroads, labor organizations and citizens having either a personal or patriotic interest in the right solution of these questions, and who cannot conveniently attend such public hearing as aforesaid, are requested to present their views and suggestions in writing to the commission at any time prior to the date of such public hearing.

"3. That copies of this resolution be given to the press and be sent to all railroads engaged in the transportation of property and passengers between two or more states of the United States, and to all labor organizations.

"4. That all communications be addressed to the chairman of the United States Strike Commission, Washington, D. C."

Messrs. Kernan and Worthington left the city immediately after the meeting. Both gentlemen will be engaged in doing some preliminary work before the investigation actually begins. Mr. Kernan intends to visit New York city to secure necessary information desired by the commission, and Mr. Worthington will spend some time in Chicago making arrangements for the meeting of the commission, and gathering data to be used in the investigation. Mr. Wright also left the city last night for a visit to Chautauqua, N. Y., where he is to deliver a series of lectures.

USE OF INSECTICIDE AGENTS.

Interesting Facts from Farmers' Bulletin No. 19.

Washington, Aug. 3—Farmers bulletin No. 19, issued by the department of agriculture, gives some directions concerning the preparation and use of a few of the insecticide agents having the widest range and attended with the greatest usefulness, economy and ease of application. There are constant calls for information of the character contained in the bulletin, and the effort has been made to give in a concise yet complete manner the best method of preparing and applying the remedies suggested, by which the best results can be obtained.

The overwhtiming experience of the past dozen years, the bulletin says, makes it almost unnecessary to urge, on the ground of pecuniary returns, the adoption of the measures recommended against insects. To emphasize the value of such practice, it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that the loss to orchard, garden, and farm crops frequently amounts to from 15 to 75 per cent of the entire product, and innumerable instances could be pointed out where such loss has been sustained year after year, while now by the adoption of remedial measures, large yields are regularly secured with an insignificant expenditure for treatment. It has been established that in the case of the apple crop, spraying will protect from 50 to 75 per cent of the fruit, which would otherwise be wormy, and, that in actual marketing experience the price has been enhanced from $1 to $2.50 per barrel and this at a cost of only about ten cents per tree for labor and material.

The cotton crop, which formerly in years of bad infestation by the leaf-worm, was estimated to be injured to the extent of $30,000,000, is now comparatively free from such injury, owing to the general use of arsenicals.

Facts of like import could be adduced in regard to many other leading staples, but the foregoing, the bulletin says, are sufficient to emphasize the money value of intelligent action against insect enemies, which with the present competition and diminishing prices, may represent the difference between a profit or a loss in agricultural operation.

UNCLE SAM'S DEBT.

Regular Monthly Statement Which Was Issued Yesterday.

Washington, August 2.—The regular monthly statement on the public debt issued yesterday by the treasury department shows that the aggregate of the public debt on July 30, 1894, was $1,633,806,240, as against $1,632,253,636 on June 30, 1894. This apparent increase of $1,552,604 in the public debt is owing to the increase in the issue of certificates and treasury notes, which, however, are offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury. Aside from this item, the statement shows a net decrease in the public debt of $83,905.

On July 31, 1894, the interest bearing debt amounted to $635,042,590, an increase for the month of $700.

The debt on which interest has ceased since maturity amounted to $1,880,800, a decrease of $10,390. The debt bearing no interest was $379,950,470, a decrease of $54,215.

The increase of certificates and treasury notes, offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury, was increased from $615,355,820 on June 30, 1894, to $616,972,397 on July 31, 1894.

The cash in the treasury is classified as follows:

Gold coin and bars, $120,922,836; silver, $313,880,682; paper, $121,932,091; bonds, etc., $17,466,156, making an aggregate of $774,201,766 against which there are demand liabilities amounting to $655,126,414, leaving a cash balance of $119,065, 352, of which $54,975,607 was gold reserve. The increase in the cash balance during the month was $1,480,915.

THE LONG CASE AGAIN.

A Petition Was Filed in the District Supreme Court.

Washington, Aug. 4.—The legal controversy over the action of the pension office in reducing the pension of Judge Long, of the Michigan Supreme Court, was revived to-day by the filing of a petition in the district Supreme Court praying for a mandamus to compel Secretary Smith and Commissioner Lochren to restore Judge Long's pension to the former $72 a month rate and to make up the loss he has suffered by the reduction of his pension.

For Rainwater Reservoirs.

Washington, Aug. 4.—Representative Baker, of Kansas, has introduced a bill to authorize the secretary of agriculture to establish reservoirs for the storage of rainwater for the tillable lands west of the 96th meridian. Channels for distributing the water are also contemplated in the plan and an appropriation of $500,000 is pro-

MAY GET TOGETHER.

The House Democratic Caucus on the Tariff Deadlock.

Washington, Aug. 7.—The House Democratic tariff caucus at 3 o'clock to-day, and the interview of Senator Voorhees pronouncing in favor of the House position on free iron and coal are the absorbing topics among members of the House, and the routine proceedings receive scant attention. An adjournment will be taken about 2:30 p. m. in order that the caucus may be held. In the meantime there is intense feeling manifest as to the outcome of the caucus. Those who projected the caucus are asserting that it is not intended to discredit the conferees. The anti-caucus men denounce the move, however, as a flank movement toward surrender to the Senate. From the general tendency of the caucus as well as of the anti-caucus men, it seemed evident by noon that there would be no resolution instructing the House conferees to recede or otherwise discrediting their course. On the contrary, the caucus men appear to be on the defensive and are asserting the good faith of their motives.

Loyal to Wilson.

On the other hand, Speaker Crisp, the committee on rules, the conferees and all the influential factors of the House are on the offensive and have little doubt of caucus action showing loyalty to Chairman Wilson and his associate conferees.

Representative Patterson, of Tennessee, one of the leading signers of the caucus petition, denied with emphasis that there was any purpose to discredit the House conferees or the President. It was, he said, a move to have Democrats to meet and make the most of a bad situation. The main thing was to get a tariff bill and get it quickly. He thought, however, that such men as Senators Harris, Bate, Vest and others were quite as much entitled to credit as House Democrats. It should be learned from those Senators, who were earnest tariff reformers, what was the best that could be secured, and this should be immediately accepted. Mr. Patterson did not think Senator Voorhees's statement changed the situation.

Representative Maddox, of Georgia, one of the signers for the caucus, said he and others who signed the petition had not wished in any way to discredit the House conferees.

Were With Crisp.

"The idea of passing a resolution adverse to our conferees was never suggested," said he; "on the contrary, I have the greatest confidence in the judgment of Speaker Crisp and Representative Turner, of my state, who are familiar with the conference work. But the idea was that the conferees had been out for many days. We did not know what they were doing. By having them come here and tell us their successes and reverses there was every probability we could give them our help, and, if need be, strengthen them by expressing our confidence in their course. The caucus is for information—not criticism."

Compromise Abroad.

Representative Tarsney, of the ways and means committee, said: "The Voorhees statement shows that the spirit of compromise is abroad. It should pave the way to a speedy settlement. The caucus to-day can have but one result—the upholding of the House conferees. The only ones to be discredited will be those who have urged the caucus."

Representative Kilgore, an anti-caucus man, said all efforts to discredit the House conferees would fail, particularly at a time when Senator Voorhees held out strong encouragement to the House.

The caucus managers, he said, would find very few behind them if they tested the strength of a surrender to the Senate.

Representative Weadock, of Michigan: "I believe in standing by our conferees, whether it takes one week or ten. I don't believe in turning tails, starting a fire in the rear."

Representative Cannistti, of California: "Every one will endorse the views of Senator Voorhees."

At the White House.

Chairman Wilson and Representative Breckenridge, of Arkansas, were at the White House for two hours last night, and the latest phases of the tariff situation were fully canvassed. Representative Outhwaite, of the House committee on rules, saw the President to-day. Mr. Outhwaite is confident the House conferees will be sutained by the House caucus.

Took a Recess.

Shortly after 12 o'clock the tariff conferees took a recess and the House conferees joined their associates on the floor. It was made known that Chairman Wilson and the other conferees would attend the caucus. It was stated that the meeting of the conferees this morning had brought about no change, however, on the tariff question. It is also understood that no further action will be taken until after the House caucus.

THE BUSINESS IN CONGRESS.

The New Mexico and Arizona Bills Will Probably Go Over.

Washington, Aug. 6.—With the present session of Congress drawing to a close, and all attention likely at any time to be concentrated upon the tariff bill, it is not considered probable that the Senate will act upon either the Arizona or New Mexico statehood bills before the final adjournment of the session. This was the understanding when the bills were reported from the committee on territories, and nothing has transpired since the reports were made to alter the situation in this respect.

The date of admission in the case of Arizona and of the constitutional convention in the case of New Mexico has been so deferred in the Senate bill reported as to render this deferment possible without rendering a change in the text of the bill necessary in case of the postponement. The provision in the Arizona bill is for admission on the first of August, 1895, while the convention provided for in the New Mexico bill is not to meet until July, 1895.

There is a possibility of a change of form of the Arizona bill. As it stands it provides directly for admission instead of being an enabling act, as in the case of New Mexico.

Gov. Hughes, of Arizona, who has been here in the interest of admission, gives it as his opinion that the bill will have to be changed so as to provide for a new constitution before it can pass the Senate. This opinion he bases upon the opposition he finds to exist in the Senate to the constitution adopted in 1891, on account of the irrigation and silver payment features of the document.

Delegate Joseph, of New Mexico, does not expect the Senate to act upon the bill for the admission of that territory this session unless the deadlock should operate to prolong the session unexpectedly. He has no doubt that it will pass early next session, however, and says that its practical effects will be the same.

WAS AFTER GROVER.

A Crank Calls at the White House on Business.

Washington, Aug. 1.—The immunity from cranks which the White House officials have enjoyed for a few weeks was rudely broken to-day by the appearance at the main doorway of an under-sized man, dressed in working clothes, and carrying a band of stone mason's tools over his shoulder. He was Thomas Cadogan, and gave his address as the Lynn House on Pennsylvania avenue. In an excited manner he told the watchman: "I want to see the President."

"What for?" queried the policeman quietly.

"They want to put me underground, see? And I want to tell the President about it; and you must not stop me," replied Cadogan nervously. A telephone call brought a patrol wagon in short order, and the man was carried to the Third precinct station. Some crank papers were found in his pockets, making it appear that Cadogan wanted to secure the President's permission to "line" the Capitol building. He has called before at the White House, but was tractable, and persuaded to go away. In a note he left for the President, he complained that the watchman kept him from discussing matters of importance with Mr. Cleveland.

AN IMPORTANT BILL.

Provides for Open Sessions of All Committees.

Washington, Aug. 6.—Representative Richards, of Ohio, to-day introduced in the House a bill involving an important change in the manner of conducting the work of congressional committees. This bill will provide that every session of a legislative body of the national Congress shall be open to the public. If it passes it will effectually do away with star chamber proceedings in all congressional matter.

Must Admit the Public.

The bill states: That all committees and sub-committees considering proposed legislation referred to them shall admit the public on all occasions when such matters are considered. And it shall be unlawful for either of the bodies herein designated to hold any meeting for the transaction of business in secret

This provision includes the executive sessions of the Senate and of conference committees. In speaking of the bill, Mr. Richards said that its purpose is to allow the people the most ample opportunity to keep informed what their representatives in Washington are doing. This, he believes, that acting in the light of publicity on all official acts of legislators will result in reducing the opportunity for frauds for conspiracies in legislation.

"There are few people," said Representative Richards, "who realize how largely this country is governed by committees. Upon the foundation of the government the work transacted by Congress was not so large that all the senators and members could not in a general way follow all legislation on which they were called to vote. The work of Congress has grown to such immense proportions that now that is impossible. Practically the fate of many of our important measures is decided by a sub-committee of two or three members. These sub-committees will carefully discuss and look into the merits of bill referred to it, and in many cases the reports are adopted to the full committees with little or no consideration. Then Congress adopts the reports of the committees with but little further consideration, relying on that body to get the matter right.

Who Are Interested.

There are sections of the country deeply interested in every bill that comes up for consideration in a committee, and if those committee meetings were open to the public and the speeches and votes of members is them would be reported in the papers as in the proceedings on the floor of the House and Senate the interest of the public would be greatly served in my opinion."

ANOTHER SMELLING COMMITTEE.

Senator Chandler Would Like to Have One Appointed.

Washington, Aug. 6.—The resolution offered on August 1 by Mr. Chandler looking to the investigation of the Dominion Coal company, of Nova Scotia, and the substitute offered by Mr. Mills in the way of addition to the original resolution providing that a special committee of five should be directed to report to the Senate whether any member of Congress is or was interested in any company engaged in mining coal in any of the states of the United States or any railroad company engaged in transporting coal which would come into competition with the Dominion Coal company, and whether its removal would reduce the price of coal to consumers, and what section of the country would be benefited by its retention.

A discussion arose between Mr. Mills and Mr. Chandler as to whether the old "sugar" committee should be entrusted with this investigation, or whether a new committee should be appointed.

Mr. Mills favored the retention of the old committee, because, as he said, it was honest and capable, and had recently made an exhaustive investigation, and had reported that the charges made against Senators had not been sustained.

"Is that the reason the Senator from Texas favors this committee?" inquired Mr. Chandler.

Mr. Mills denied he was influenced by any such motives, and expressed his willingness to have a new committee appointed if Mr. Chandler preferred.

HAS BEEN DECLARED OFF.

The A. R. U. Strike Inaugurated by the Debs Regime.

Chicago, Aug. 6.—After a struggle of 40 days against the united railroads the American Railway union in Chicago has declared off the strike inaugurated in behalf of the Pullman employes. At Pullman this morning each member of the union who responded to the order to strike will have a chance to resume work. The strike is off in Chicago except with the employes of the Santa Fe & Chicago and Eastern Illinois. By to-morrow the strike will be declared off on all the railroads affected by the recent movement.

At a meeting of the delegates of the twenty-four local labor unions affiliated with the A. R. U. yesterday afternoon it was voted to declare the strike off in Chicago except on the Santa Fe & Chicago and Eastern Illinois. The action was purely local and the declaration does not even affect Pullman. Neither President Debs nor any of the A. R. U. national officials were present at the meeting. In fact President Debs had left the city for Terre Haute before it was decided.

NATIONAL BOYS' LEAGUE

Is a Combination of Chautauquans and Christian Endeavorers.

Denver, Col., Aug. 6.—Incorporation papers have been filed here for the National Boys' League, an organization intended for boys from 14 to 21 years of age. The proposed work of the league is a combination of the Chautauqua and Christian Endeavor ideas, the motto being "Self Help." Ralph Field, who is at the head of the organization, has been perfecting plans for several years, and has selected a strong board of directors from several states.

The league has already begun the publication of a weekly paper called the Earnest Christian, and will shortly issue a series of pamphlets on subjects of direct interest to all ambitious youths. Besides this work, which is intended for all classes of boys, the league will build in this city a great industrial school and home for homeless boys. The Brightside Home for Boys has been turned over to the national organization for this purpose.

THE TENNESSEE ELECTION.

All Democratic Candidates Go in by Good Majorities.

Nashville, Aug. 3.—Partial returns from principal counties in the state show that the Democratic nominees for judges of the Supreme Court have defeated the Republican-Populist fusion ticket for judges by good majorities. Owing to the length of the ticket in Memphis, Knoxville, Chattanooga and Nashville, it is not likely that the exact figures from these cities will be obtained until some time to-morrow. In this city the Australian system is the law, and 140 names were on the ballot. In the counties heard from the Democrats have polled their usual vote for local officers and district judges and chancellors.

THEY WANT ONLY $236,000.

Claim of the Columbian Exposition Salvage Co.

Chicago, Aug. 4.—John G. Neumeister, as deputy city clerk, was yesterday served with a bill for $236,000 which the Columbian Exposition Salvage company claims is due it from the city for damages to property in Jackson Park, caused by mobs and rioters July 5 last. That was the date when several structures of the World's Fair were swept away by fire.

An immense number of shippers have filed claims against the city for damages, occasioned by the strike. The gross amount asked is already well up in the millions.

A ROW AND RUMPUS.

Pleasant Interview Between Tillman and Butler.

Charleston S. C., Aug. 1.—After the campaign meeting at Union yesterday Governor Tillman and Senator Butler met on the train going to Spartanburg, and had a wordy altercation concerning the premature publication of an article on the dispensary question, to which reference had been made by the governor in his speech, so that when Senator Butler followed an attempt was made by Tillman's supporters to howl him down.

The Senator sought out the governor in the Pullman car and upbraided him for bad faith. The governor showed no inclination to adjust the matter,

GOVERNOR TILLMAN.

whereupon Senator Butler exclaimed: "I want to say that you perpetrated a deliberate fraud to-day.

"I have come to tell you that these matters must be settled personally, and I'll meet you anywhere. You know where to find me."

Governor Tillman—"I know."

General Butler—"You know you put these hoodlums up to howling me, and you know that you perpetrated a d—— lie when you did so."

Col. Caughman interjected: "Yes, he is a liar, ——— him," and with this made a move towards his hip pocket. He was crowded to one side in the commotion.

Governor Tillman at this juncture arose and said: "Now, General Butler, you are old and one-legged."

General Butler—"And you are one-eyed."

Governor Tillman—"That don't hurt my physical power. You know I am not afraid or you."

General Butler—"I don't suppose you are, but you can find me at any time."

General Butler made some reference to blackguards howling him.

Governor Tillman promptly replied, shaking his finger in General Butler's face: "Yes, blackguards have full sway in this state. You are one of those who helped to enact the anti-dueling law about fifteen years ago, and a gentleman can no longer obtain satisfaction for an insult. I'm not afraid."

General Butler—"That don't make any difference. I'll meet you anywhere, and in any way."

The two principals kept up a fire for a minute or so, when Gen. Butler said he did not intend to stand any more insults about not paying his debts, and when Governor Tillman had anything to say he knew where to find him. "You made reference to my debts," said Mr. Butler, "and I will say that I've heard that you paid a $16,000 mortgage."

Governor Tillman—"Why didn't you state that on the stand?"

Gen. Butler—"Because I did not choose to."

Governor Tillman—"You know it is not so. It's a lie."

Gen. Butler—"I just want to repeat to you not to presume on my age and infirmities, and tell you that I will meet you at any place or at any time."

Governor Tillman—"I'm simply defending myself. You've been making insinuations in the papers, and I'm tired of your attacks."

Gen. Butler—"I want you to understand my position. I have not insinuated anything about you. Why don't you deny what I charged, and not go into personalities. When you want to fight say so."

Governor Tillman—"I don't want to fight you."

Gen. Butler—"Well, refrain from making any personal remarks about me."

Governor Tillman—"You have no right to make any insinuations as to my public life You can't separate my public record from my public character for honesty."

Gen. Butler—"I don't make any insinuations. There's no use talking any more. When you have anything to say, come to me first."

Gen. Butler again referred to the howling which occurred at the meeting, whereupon Governor Tillman replied: "You know I had no more to do with that than you did."

Gen. Butler—"I want it understood that I'm going to have my free speech if I have to fight for it. But don't put those G—— d—— hoodlums on me."

Gen. Butler and Tillman kept up their fire for a few minutes longer, and Gen. Butler repeated that he did not want his one leg considered, and that he did not want any innocent people brought into trouble. Governor Tillman said he had no right to make his insinuations.

By this time Conductor Hawkins had worked his way back into the car and peremptorily ordered the discussion to stop. He appealed to the participants to be quiet, as he would lose his job if he permitted such things in his car. Thereupon the altercation ceased.

ROBBING A BANK.

Three Outlaws Make a Raid at Guthrie.

Guthrie, O. T., Aug. 1.—Another bank robbery with all the trimmings of a Dalton raid was enacted yesterday. As a result one citizen, J. M. Mitchell, a barber, is dead, and one of the outlaws who gives his name as Ernest Lucas is dying. Lucas is 21 years old and said his comrades were the members of the notorious Cook gang that has recently given territory officials so much trouble. Soon after 10 o'clock in the morning five armed men rode into Chandler from the east, dismounted back of the Lincoln county bank and three rushed inside while two stood guard at the doors with Winchesters.

Two men covered the president, Harvey Lee, and his brother, the cashier, and demanded that they turn over the cash, while the third rushed to the private office, where Teller Hoyt was seriously sick, and compelled him to walk to the safe and attempt to open it. Though a Winchester was pointed at his face, he could not stand long enough, but fell and the robber kicked him and shot at him, but missed fire. The men on guard called out that it was time to go, and the three men grabbed between two and three hundred dollars lying on the counter and ran out to the horses. In the meantime the guard at the front door had shot and killed J. M. Mitchell, a barber, who attempted to give the alarm. The bandits had scarcely passed out of the city when a posse were mounting and starting in pursuit. Twice were the horses shot from under the fleeing men, but they compelled farmers coming to town to give up their mounts and went on. Finally a battle was fought for nearly fifteen minutes, when one of the robbers was shot through the hip, and the others scattered and disappeared in the hills of the Creek country. The wounded robber gave his name as Ernest Lucas, aged 21, and said the others were the notorious Cook gang, and he had been with them but a week.

The names of the escaped bandits are given as Bill and Tom Cook, leaders of the gang, Jack Starr, and Talea Jack, and number among the most desperate in the territory.

Wyoming Republicans.

Casper, Wyo., Aug. 2.—The Republican state convention met here at 10 o'clock. Clarence E. Hamlin, of Sheridan county, was elected temporary chairman. After the appointment of committees the convention took a recess until 2:30. Frank W. Mondell will be the nominee for governor.

PLAIN WORDS FROM BOIES.

Iowa's Ex-Governor Talks to a Democratic Convention.

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 2.—The Democratic state convention assembled at Calvary Tabernacle on Wednesday. About 400 delegates were in attendance. Caucuses were held at 9 o'clock and the usual committeemen selected. No candidates opened headquarters, and in this case the office seeks the man. J. M. Parsons, temporary chairman, delivered an addrss saying that Coxeyism was McKinleyism carried to a logical conclusion. After the speech committees were chosen, and the morning caucuses reported. The convention then adjourned for dinner.

On reconvening, ex-Governor Boies was chosen permanent chairman of the convention. In the course of his remarks he said:

"It would be a cowardly evasion of truth to attempt to conceal the fact that the Democratic party has reached a crisis in its history that threatens its welfare, if not its life.

"Within the party councils I want the voice of crimination and recrimination hushed at once, and I want the Democratic members in Congress to agree upon the very best measure of tariff reform it is possible to pass and make it the law of the land without further delay.

"If it does not come up to the requirement of that pledge as I read it, I will not lay down my arms; I will help to keep the wheels of reform in motion until all that has been promised is faithfully performed. This is my view of the duty of Democrats in this crisis, both in and out of Congress.

"By an explicit resolution in its last national platform, the Democratic party is committed to 'the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country,' and to the 'coinage of both without discriminating against either,' but it is expressly declared that 'the dollar unit of both metals must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, or be adjusted through international agreement or by such safeguards of legislation as will insure the parity of the two metals.'

"To my own mind the unqualified language of that plank requires affirmative action on the part of the representatives of the party by which it was adopted."

RICH RENOMINATED.

Michigan Republicans Nominate a Good Ticket.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Aug. 1.—The disgruntled Detroit delegation in the state Republican convention withdrew Mayor Pingree's name yesterday afternoon, and Governor John T. Rich was renominated for the gubernatorial position. His only opponent was Aaron T. Bliss, of Saginaw, who received 98

GOVERNOR RICH

votes. Rich got 721. The remainder of the ticket is as follows: For lieutenant governor, Alfred Milnes, of Branch county; secretary of state, Rev. Washington Gardner, of Jackson; treasurer, James M. Wilkinson, of Marquette; auditor-general, Stanley W. Turner, of Roscommon; attorney general, Fred W. Maynard, of Kent; land commissioner, Wm. A. French, of Presque Isle; superintendent of public instruction, H. R. Pettingill, of Ingham; member board of education, Perry F. Powers, of Wexford.

The feature of the platform was this: "We pledge the Republican party of Michigan to use every effort in its power to restore silver to its historic position in the United States as a money metal. We pledge this in the belief that permanent prosperity will not be assured or justice done until silver takes its place side by side with gold as one of the two great money metals of the world."

A minority report favoring the free coinage of gold and silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, making all money full legal tender and opposing the issue of interest bearing bonds in times of peace was rejected. Pingree men last night continue to declare that the Detroit mayor's friends will have an opportunity to vote for him as governor. They say the plan to bring him out as an independent Republican candidate, substituting his name for that of Rich at the head of the ticket made to-day, will be carried out.

OVERRUN BY POPULISTS.

The North Dakota Prohibition Convention Controlled by Them.

Fargo, N. D., Aug. 1.—The Prohibition state convention yesterday swarmed with Populists sufficient in number to control the convention and endorse their ticket. About 200 gathered from all parts of the state but the central committee required all participating to sign a pledge to support the principles and candidates of the Prohibition party both state and national and only seventeen qualified.

They endorsed the Republican candidates for judge of the Supreme court, governor and superintendent of public instruction, the Populist candidates for lieutenant governor, treasurer, attorney general and Stevens and Cameron for railway commissioners and nominated the following independent candidates: S. S. Ellis, member of Congress; T. F. Hoy, secretary of state; D. Carleton, auditor; E. A. Taylor, commissioner of insurance; F. M. Arthur, commissioner of agriculture; Rev. E. E. Saunders, railway commissioner.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

ANDREW JACKSON'S GRAVE

Was Desecrated at Night by Unknown Men.

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 2.—Information was received to-day from the Hermitage, where Gen. Andrew Jackson's remains are buried, that his grave was disturbed last night by some unknown person or persons. A hole 18 inches in depth and three feet in length was dug at the head of the grave, but the parties were frightened away before they accomplished their object.

The Hermitage is twelve miles from this city. This place, which was the old home of Gen. Jackson, and where he was laid to rest in June, 1845, is the property of the state of Tennessee and has been for several years in charge of the Ladies' Hermitage association. The object of this association is to preserve the home and relics of the ex-President.

The remains of Mrs. Jackson, wife of the general, rest next to those of her husband in a tomb prepared by him. It resembles in appearance an open summer house—a small white dome supported by pillars of white marble. The tomb of General Jackson bears the simple inscription:

"General Andrew Jackson
"Born March 15, 1767.
"Died June 8, 1845."

The desecration of Gen. Jackson's grave was discovered at an early hour to-day, and the facts immediately reported to the Ladies' Hermitage association.

A long plank was left lying beside the grave. Suspicion rests upon a well-dressed negro, for whom the authorities are now looking. He went to the residence of a white man living half a mile from the Hermitage, yesterday afternoon, and borrowed a shovel, which he returned this morning. While near the Hermitage he made some inquiries about Gen. Jackson's tomb. The Ladies' Hermitage association officers are at a loss to know what could be the object of the person or persons who disturbed the grave. There are only three persons in charge of the house and grounds, and they knew nothing of the nocturnal visit until daybreak.

BIG LUMBER FIRE.

Chicago Has a Tremendous Conflagration Over Forty Acres.

Chicago, Aug. 2.—The lumber district of Chicago was last night visited by one of the most disastrous fires in its history, and the loss will probably foot up between $1,200,000 and $1,500,000, although it will be 24 hours before the damage can be estimated with accuracy.

The burned district is about six squares from east to west and about three from north to south.

The greatest portion of the district bounded by Blue Island avenue, Lincoln street, the river and Ashland avenue was burned over, and 40 acres of lumber yards are nothing but smoking embers. The fire was discovered by a watchman. He saw a blaze on the outside of the fence on the east side of Lincoln street near a shingle shed belonging to S. K. Martin & Co. He turned in an alarm but before the first engines arrived the shingle shed was a mass of flames, which had communicated to the surrounding lumber piles. The Martin yards are 2,500 feet long, by 700 wide, and the flames originated in exactly the right spot for the strong northwest wind which was blowing at the time to carry them through the entire length and breadth of the yards.

The course of the flames was southeast and east for the first 45 minutes. They literally licked up everything in their path. Piles of lumber, lath, shingles and cedar posts were swallowed up with an appalling rapidity and for a time it seemed as though the entire lumber district of the city which stretches a mile to the south, and as far to the east of the burning yards must be consumed. The wind was, however, suddenly changed at 9:30 o'clock and began to blow from the south, and with much less violence than before. The flames started rapidly north again and burned back to a line level with its starting point.

Otto Rafter, fell off lumber pile,

THE EASTERN WAR.

A STATE OF WAR EXISTS.

Japan So Informs the Foreign Powers.

Tokio, Japan, Aug. 1.—The Japanese government has informed the representatives of the foreign powers here that a state of war exists between Japan and China.

This is regarded as equivalent to a declaration of war.

Washington, Aug. 1.—A brief cablegram announcing the arrival of the United States Steamer Monacacy at Nagasaki, Japan, received by Secretary Herbert to-day, is the only official news from the seat of war that has come to the government here from its representatives in China and Japan and the surmise that official dispatches are being obstructed purposely now amounts to conviction. The Monacacy was at Chemuipo, Korea, with the Baltimore, and it is supposed that she ran over to Nagasaki for coal and supplies.

It is thought here that the action of Japan in officially notifying the British government of the existence of a state of war between Japan and China was precipitated by the Kow-Shung incident. Had such a notice preceded the sinking of the ship Japan would not have incurred liability to Great Britain and been obliged to apologize. In effect that notice is equivalent to a declaration of war, or at least it imposes the same obligations upon neutral nations. The United States, for instance, can sell to either China or Japan arms and munitions of war, and supplies, but they must be delivered at the risk of the purchaser, and any vessel carrying them is liable to seizure. So by this stroke Japan doubtless seriously embarrassed China in her efforts to supply herself with warlike equipment in other countries.

The conditions are very similar to those of the Tonquin campaign in 1884-85, when, under the name of "Reprisals," actual war was waged on China by France. Although there was no formal declaration of war when the French decreed rice to be contraband, the United States and all other nations acquiesced, and the only protest came from the British minister to China, who was reprimanded for it by his own government. Just what the effects will be on the Chinese treaty ports can not be foretold now. Japan has taken the ground that they are practically foreign settlements, and therefore has disclaimed any intention to interfere with them, regarding them as outside of the zone of hostile operations. China, however, has persistently claimed the right, under the treaties opening the ports, to close them in time of war. The treaties themselves present points of variance and the whole matter, although very important to commercial interests, is shrouded in doubt.

There are no precedents quite fitting the present case, and it will probably call for the making of some international law on the subject, unless the war ends speedily. It is believed here that China will now proceed immediately to close the more important treaty ports, beginning with Shanghai, perhaps, by obstructing the entrances.

INSTRUCTED TO APOLOGIZE.

Japan Will Make Amends to Great Britain for Firing on the Flag.

Tokio, Japan, Aug. 1.—The Japanese government has instructed its minister in London to apologize to Great Britain for firing upon and sinking the transport Kow Shung while she was flying the British flag. The Japanese minister has been instructed to inform Great Britain that the commander cruiser did not know that the Kow Shung was a British vessel until after the fight. Capt. Galsworthy of the Kow Shung, and many other persons who were on board the transport, were rescued by the boats of the Japanese war ship Naniwa.

AN INTERESTING STORY

From James M. Rollins, Who is Familiar With the War Situation.

St. Louis, Aug. 2.—Jas. M. Rollins, a newspaper man of this city, who recently returned from a three years' stay in Japan, during which time he was associated with Japanese soldiers, and traveled considerably throughout that country and on the Korean coast, said to an Associated Press representative: "Japan will no doubt come off victorious over China in the present struggle. If numbers amounted to much Japan would not be a morsel for China, as there are 400,000,000 Chinese and only 40,000,000 Japanese.

"Because of the vast expanse of water over there the most of the fighting must necessarily be done at sea. The Japanese navy is new and thoroughly organized. Their soldiers are brave and disciplined. Japan has culled from every nation the cream of modern warfare, and has the sympathy of the civilized world.

"On the other hand, China is a nation of superstition and laziness. It has some large but poor vessels, that have not been well kept, and are dirty and poorly prepared for an engagement. Chinese soldiers are patriotic, but are not disciplined. The two engagements already reported prove this statement. The largest man-of-war in the Chinese navy has already been sunk and thousands of Chinese lost their lives, while hardly a scratch was felt by the Japanese. The fact that China has a land inlet to Korea will not amount to much in the present struggle, as any number of Chinese soldiers would not avail on Korean soil before the open fire of the Japanese fleet. The Japanese could rout the Chinese army from nearly any Korean city by means of their fleet, as the sea touches on all sides of that country. My theory is that if a prolonged war should follow China might whip Japan by sheer force of numbers, as China could swarm the Japanese islands like locusts, and it would not matter much if even a half million Chinese lost their lives in the attempt. But in this event Russia, or even America or England, would interfere, as I have said before the sympathy of the civilized world is with Japan, and will not stand off and see her crushed."

JAPAN'S SIDE OF IT.

Their Official Statement in Regard to the War.

Yokohama, Aug. 2.—The following official statement of the difficulties between China and Japan, which led to the outbreak of hostilities between those two countries, has been issued by the Japanese government:

Japan and China were approaching a settlement of their difficulties when China suddenly requested Japan to withdraw her fleet from Korea and to give a formal compliance with the Chinese demands by the 20th, otherwise the whole Chinese forces were to land and a sea advance upon the part of China was to be made.

The Japanese regarded this as an ultimatum, but acting under the advice of the friendly powers they agreed to the proposals in principle, amended form at the same time declaring that if the threatened Chinese advance was made on the 20th it would be regarded as an overt act.

THEIR LIVES WERE SAVED.

Col. Von Hanneken and Another German Officer.

London, Aug. 1.—Mr. Hugh Matheson, of Matheson & Co. and Jardine, Matheson & Co., of London and Shanghai, from whom the Chinese transport Kow-Shung, sunk by a Japanese cruiser, was chartered, received a dispatch to-day from Tien Tsin, dated August 1, saying that Col. Von Manneken, formerly aide-de-camp of Li Hung Chang, the viceroy of China, who was on board the transport when she foundered, was saved. The dispatch adds that a court of inquiry has been opened at Tien Tsin, in order that all the facts in connection with the sinking of the Kow-Shung may be known.

THE SENTIMENT IN RUSSIA.

Korean Independence Must be Kept Intact.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 2.—The Russian newspapers are unanimous in saying that whatever the result of the war between China and Japan, Russia will not tolerate any diminishment of Korean territory or alienation of Korean independence. Russia, it is added, will not permit any interference on the part of Great Britain or any other power, if such interference endangers Russian interests.

The newspapers urge the government to adopt military and naval measures in the Pacific and upon the Russo-Korean frontier, calculated to uphold the interests of Russia should she be called upon to defend them.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE STATE DEPARTMENT

Notified of the Existence of War Between China and Japan.

Washington, Aug. 3.—The State department was officially notified last evening that war had been declared between China and Japan.

The information came in a dispatch from Mr. Charles Denby, the charge d'affaires at Pekin. Mr. Denby's dispatch does not say, however, which country made the declaration.

Mr. Denby also stated that the Japanese had withdrawn their charge d'affaires at Pekin, and that the American legation was exerting its good offices to protect the subjects of Japan in China. The Japanese minister to China is also minister to Korea, and at this time is in the latter country, leaving the legation at Pekin in charge.

That Battle at Yashan.

Shanghai, Aug. 4.—A dispatch has been received here which confirms the report that a second battle has been fought at Yashan between the Chinese and Japanese. It is added that the Chinese were defeated.

WILL DELIVER THEM UP.

The British Officers of the Kow Shung.

Shanghai, Aug. 4.—Captain Galsworthy, Chief Officer Tamplin and Quartermaster Evangelist, of the sunken transport Kow Shuing, who were rescued by the boats of the Japanese cruiser, have been taken to Sasebo, where they are held as prisoners.

Admiral Sir E. R. Fremantle, in command of the British-China squadron, has ordered the Alacrity, four guns, 1,700 tons, Capt. George A. Callahan, from Sushima to Sasebo with instructions to demand the release of the British sailors.

Upon the arrival of the Alacrity at Nagasaki the commander of the British war ship was informed that the prisoners would be delivered up to him to-day at Nagasaki.

London, Aug 4.—A dispatch to the Times from Tien Tsin, dated August 2, 11:40 a. m., says: The preamble of an Imperial edict just issued recites China's claims in Korea, its hundreds of years suzerainty of that country, and the constant assistance it has rendered the vassal king to subdue rebellions. China, it continues, recently sent forces to Korea with this object in view. Japan, without right, also sent troops, and refused to withdraw them. She has further sunk a transport carrying Chinese soldiers, and her action has been condemned by other powers. The emperor places all the military authorities under Viceroy Li Hung Chang, who will protect the rights of the empire. He also orders the capture and destruction of Japanese ships wherever found.

It is probable that a copy of the edict will be communicated to the representatives of foreign powers to-day.

HAVE CAPTURED BLUEFIELDS.

Telegram Says the Nicaraguan Troops Are There.

Washington, Aug. 7.—Mr. Guzman, the minister from Nicaragua, has received a telegram from Managua, officially announcing that the town of Bluefields on the Mosquito coast had been taken by the Nicaraguan army. The telegram, the minister said, contained no particulars of the affair.

WILL HAVE TO ANNEX MARS.

Weather Prophet Wiggins Has Some Queer Ideas.

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 4.—Prof. Ezekiel Wiggins, weather prophet, concurs in the opinion expressed in some quarters that the bright projection on Mars seen by M. Javelle at Nice observatory, July 28, is a signal from the Marsians to the people of the earth. He said to-day: "There is the best scientific evidence to prove man is a native of Mars, and lived there millions of years before he was transplanted to the earth, leaving the greater part of the human family behind. The Marsians regard us as their lost brethren and have been searching for us for thousands of years. They have been especially hopeful since they saw the electric lights in our cities. We will be able to converse with them by signals before another century passes. It is much easier for the Marsians to see our signals than for us to see theirs, for the earth appears to them to wax and wane like the moon, so that they can easily see lights on our dark hemisphere, while their planet always has its light side towards us."

AGAINST LABOR AGITATORS.

An Open Declaration of War Made by the Pullmans.

Chicago, Aug. 4.—An open declaration of war on the A. R. U. was made yesterday by the Pullman Palace Car company. It was followed by an official announcement that under no circumstances would the company give employment to labor agitators, members of the Pullman strike committee or any others who had taken an active part in persuading the workmen to strike or in encouraging them to stay out.

This announcement of the policy of the Pullman company was made by General Manager Brown on the authority of President Pullman.

SANTO IS CONDEMNED.

He is Doomed to Die by the Guillotine.

Lyons, Aug. 2.—Caesario Santo, the assassin of President Carnot, was put on trial in the assize court to-day. His removal from the St. Paul prison to the court was without incident. M. Breuillac, who presides over the court, is the judge who drew much criticism upon himself by condemning the bill for the suppression of anarchistic crime which was recently passed by the chambers.

Cesario, as he marched to the dock, wore a somewhat strange costume. His coat was of a yellowish color, his vest and trousers were gray, he wore a white shirt with a turn-down collar and a grey necktie. As soon as he was in the dock, his counsel, M. Dubreuil and M. Degeneral, professor of Italian at the Lyons business college, the latter having been appointed interpreter, exchanged a few words with the prisoner, and then Cesario took his seat, and the reading of the long indictment began.

When the reading of the indictment was finished, names of thirty witnesses were called, and the presiding Judge, M. Breuillac began to question the accused.

The judge first recited the known facts about the family of the prisoner, the latter answering:

"Just so, sir; I never had a dispute with any one."

Replying to further questions, the prisoner said that not one of his family was or had been weak-minded.

The presiding judge then turned to the prisoner and said:

"Since your arrest, did you write to your mother saying that you killed the president 'from anarchistic motives?' Are those your words?"

"eYs," replied Cesario, with great indifference.

The judge then recalled the fact that Cesario had as a child figured as a poseur in the religious processions of Motte-Visconti, his native town, for the beauty of the prisoner, as a child, was remarkable, and until he fell under the spell of anarchism, two years ago, he was much drawn to a life of religion. Then the anarchists' inflammatory literature excited Cesario so much that the attention of the authorities was drawn to his dangerous utterances and a warning hint was sent to his family. But the poison of the doctrines was incurably in his veins, and after some ups and downs, notably five months in prison for distributing anarchistic leaflets outside the barracks at Milan, Cesario planned and executed the deed for which he is now on trial.

In reply to the judges' questions in regard to his childhood and his taking part in religious processions, Cesario answered mockingly:

"Children do not know what they are doing."

Judge Breuillac then examined Cesario at length as to his connection with anarchy. During this examination the president said:

"Your family tried to wean you from those horrible doctrines."

"I love my mother," the prisoner replied, "but I cannot submit to her prejudices or to my family's prejudices. There is the larger family of humanity."

In spite of the repeated efforts of the judge to draw from the prisoner some statement in regard to his connection with other anarchists, Cesario would say nothing about the subject, being especially dumb when the judge sought to extract from him information as to the means adopted by anarchists to communicate with each other, and as to his immediate associates in anarchism.

Le Blanc, the soldier who was a fellow prisoner with Cesario, at Marseilles, testified that Cesario told him that he intended to kill President Carnot, probably at Lyons, when the chief magistrate visited that city.

"That is a lie," interrupted Cesario, excitedly. "I never told you or anyone else about my plans."

Le Blanc continued:

"Cesario confided to me that he was designated by lot—"

"That is untrue," shrieked Cesario. "How untrue?" asked the soldier, turning to the prisoner. "I said to you, after you had made that remark, 'But, who would be so bold as to kill President Carnot? I saw him in Paris surrounded by troops and police.' You answered, 'He will be chosen by lot'"

KENTARO KANEKO.
(Envoy Extraordinay and Minister Plenipotentiary from Japan to the United States.)

TO VICEROY LI HUNG CHANG

Is Confided the Command of All Chinese Troops.

London, Aug. 4.—A dispatch to the Times from Tien Tsein, dated August 3, 10:40 p. m., says: The preamble of an imperial edict just issued recites China's claims in Korea, its hundreds of years suserainty of that country and the constant assistance it has rendered the vassal king to subdue rebellions. China, it continues, recently sent forces to Korea with this object in view.

Japan, without right, also sent troops, and refused to withdraw them. She has further sunk a transport carrying Chinese soldiers, and her action has been condemned by other powers.

The emperor places all the military authorities under Viceroy Li Hung Chang, who will protect the rights of the empire. He also orders the capture and destruction of Japanese ships wherever found.

It is probable that a copy of the edict will be communicated to the representatives of foreign powers to-day.

FROM IRKUTSK TO LAKE BAIKAL.

The Russian Government Will Extend Their Railroad Line.

Washington, Aug. 6.—As having a bearing upon the present war over Korea, the special efforts being made by the Russian government to complete the great Siberian link from Irkutsk to Lake Baikal; second, the whole line along the Amur river is to be finished before the year 1901.

The minister of communication was granted a credit of 1,215,000 roubles to carry out the preliminary work of survey and to forward material.

Consul-General Jonas, at St. Petersburg, has made a special report to the State department, noting the points of an important memorial on the subject submitted by the Russian minister of finance. He says that last fall it became evident that the most essential Siberian sections of the line as far as Irkutsk could be completed by 1898—or two years ahead of time. Therefore, it was resolved to accelerate the construction of the remainder as follows:

First—The building of the trans-Baikal line is to be pushed so that it may be opened for traffic in 1898 at the time of the completion of the central section and the connecting line from Irkutsk to Lake Baikal.

RUSSIA IS IN IT.

Will Start European Trouble by Seizing a Korean Port.

Chicago, Aug. 7.—The Post's Washington special says: Russia is planning a coup d' etat in Korea, and unless the czar's plans miscarry this will be one of the most sensational incidents of the war between China and Japan.

According to news received here today the Great Northern Bear intends to grab one of the most desirable ports of the Hermit Kingdom and establish sovereignty over it. The story to this effect is pronounced of a most authentic character, and leaves no doubt of its trustworthiness in the minds of the recipients. The reason for Russia's move is her desire for a Southern port which shall be open to her commerce throughout the year. The only port Russia now has on her Siberian coast is closed during the rigors of winter."

Chinese Against Foreigners.

Washington, Aug. 7.—Some idea of the feeling entertained by the Chinese toward foreigners who have caused anxiety for the safety of American missionaries, is given in the report of the Canton plague received yesterday at the Marine hospital bureau. Consul Charles Seymour, writing under date of June 23, says: "Natives are trying to blame foreigners for the plague, and have gotten up riots in Canton and the surrounding country."

THE SPREAD OF CIVILIZATION.

Japan (to China)—Come, on John; let's show them that we're just as advanced Christians as they are.—Chica go Journal.

DEATH OF AUSTIN BLAIR.

Michigan's Great War Governor Passes Away.

Jackson, Mich., Aug. 6.—After an illness lasting several days, Gov. Blair passed away at 1:20 this morning. He had been unconscious since Friday last, and had no strength left.

Austin Blair was born at Caroline, Tompkins county, N. Y., February 18, 1818. His father, George Blair, felled the first tree, built the first log cabin, and burned the first log heap in Tompkins county. He settled there in

EX-GOVERNOR AUSTIN BLAIR.

1809, and lived for 60 years in the same spot until his death in 1884.

He possessed a good early education which was improved by constant reading, and his naturally strong mental powers remained with him until his death.

Governor Blair entered politics when the Republican party was formed, in 1854, although he had been elected to the legislature in 1845, and was leader of the Whig minority of that body in 1846. He was prosecuting attorney in 1852, and in 1854 he went to the state senate. In 1860 he headed the Michigan delegation in the Chicago convention. He voted for William H. Seward all the time.

DUTCH CARRY HOLLAND.

Startling News Comes That Alabama is Democratic.

Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 7.—A Commercial special from Birmingham, Ala., says: Despite the fact that the campaign just closed has been the hitterest ever known in the state, the election yesterday passed off quietly and few disturbances are reported. The new Sayre election law, a modified form of the Australian ballot system, enacted by the last legislature, was put in operation for the first time and worked smoothly. The ballot was a secret one. The voting was slow and for this reason the vote was especially lighter than the last. The negroes whose vote cut quite a figure either did not vote at all or voted almost solidly for Oates in southern and middle Alabama, while in northern Alabama a majority of them were for Kolb. The white Republicans were for Kolb almost to a man. Several disturbances occurred in this county. At Bessemer the Kolbites captured that place by a majority. Many Democrats were prevented from voting by delay on the part of the managers. Two Kolbite managers were arrested for perjury at Brookseed, where all the ballots were stolen, and new ones could not be had until yesterday afternoon. A majority of 60 was given there for Kolb. In this county (Jefferson) the Democrats lost heavily on account of labor troubles and the result is in doubt. Incomplete returns from various counties of the state indicate that south and middle Alabama give Democratic gains in every county except Mobile, Mobile giving only 700 Democratic majority against 3,000 last year. Montgomery, Selma, Eufaula and Birmingham, and nearly all the cities and large towns, give Democratic majorities. The country districts were Kolb's stronghold, and in north Alabama, except in the counties of Limestone, Madison, Lamar, Tuscaloo and Blowah, got the same vote as in 1892, but in Jefferson his vote shows a heavy increase.

The result in North Alabama is about the same as it was two years ago. Kolb has carried the same counties that he did in the last election. In South and Middle Alabama the returns show Democratic gains which will give the states to Oates by 18,000 to 20,000. The legislature is close and doubtful. At Kolb's state headquarters here the managers claim the state by about 25,000, but returns so far received do not warrant this claim. The legislature will elect a successor to Senator Morgan.

Montgomery, Ala., August 6.—So far as returns received, Democrats have gained in nearly every county heard from. Kolb's big gain is in Jefferson county, but Democrats claim that county. Chairman Tompkins, of the Democratic committee, says the returns come up to the returns sent in prior to the election and that Oates and the Democratic ticket are safely elected with a good majority in the legislature.

Birmingham, August 7.—Reports up to midnight continue to show Democratic gains in South Alabama, while in the North the Democrats have gained two counties that were for Kolb two years ago, thereby securing a more memebers of the legislature, which Senator Morgan's friends claim make that body safely Democratic. The Kolbites have gained 2,500 votes in Jefferson county and made gains in several other northern Alabama counties, but these are offset by Democratic gains in other counties in the same section.

The counties in Oates's congressional district show heavy Democratic majorities. Chairman Tompkins, of the state Democratic committee, says Oates and the full ticket as well as a Democratic legislature is elected.

LUCK COMES AT LAST.

Big Mining Find on Mineral Hill, Cripple Creek.

Cripple Creek, Col., Aug. 6—The discovery on Mineral Hill of lead carbonate Saturday, the ore which gave Leadville its great boom, is regarded by mining men as the most remarkable and important made in the Cripple Creek district.

The vein is four feet in width, and it is all pay. An assay returned $40 in gold, 260 ounces silver, and 33 per cent lead.

DIPHTHERIA BACILLI IN CHEESE.

Examinations by New York Bacteriologists.

New York, Aug. 7.—The Board of Health bacteriologists have progressed far enough in their examination of the 52 cheeses seized recently to say that the cheese possessed evidence of diphtheria bacilli.

The bacteriologists have secured six guinea pigs, and will feed the cheese to them and watch the effects. The cheese is said to contain sufficient bacilli to destroy human life. They come from the Star creamery, Afton, N. Y. A child of the farmer who made the cheese had diphtheria.

HAVE TOLD THE TALE.

Tarsney's Captors and Kidnapers Have Squealed.

Denver, Col., Aug. 7.—The News today says: Joe R. Wilson, the El Paso county deputy sheriff, who was captured by Adjt. Gen. Tarsney in Missouri, has made a full confession, and given to Chief of Police Armstrong the names of all the men connected with the outrage committed in Colorado Springs a few weeks ago. Wilson was brought back to Denver at noon yesterday by Officer Cross, and he spent last night in the city jail. On the train going to the Springs in the morning he weakened and told everything that he knew of the matter. He confirmed the story that a murderer from the El Paso county jail was allowed to help to put tar and feathers on Colorado's adjutant general.

Details Now Out.

Every detail of the tar and feathers affair is now in possession of the Denver officers, and however high a position the offenders may hold, they will ultimately be brought to justice. Wilson's confession clearly illustrates one point: That is, that the crime was committed by the political enemies of Gen. Tarsney, and that the criminals were not the outcasts of the Bull Hill army, but men of higher standing in the community.

According to Wilson's story, the men engaged in the disgraceful enterprise were Sheriff Bowers, his deputy sheriff, Bob Mullins, Capt. Saxton, of Troop A, Sergt. Wm. Bancroft, of Troop A, Deputy Sheriff J. R. Wilson, Deputy Quackenboss, Sherman Crumley, Walter Crumley, "Shorty" Allen, Smith Shellenberger, and perhaps one or two others, including a woman. The police now have three confessions —those of Wilson, Parker, and a prisoner in the El Paso county jail, who is being held as a witness to a murder committed in Cripple Creek. These men will all be brought before the grand jury now sitting in Colorado Springs.

Where It Was Born.

The conspiracy was a germ born at Gillette and which continued to grow until Tarsney was found unguarded in the Alameda Hotel. The deputy sheriff at Divide had the false report from Denver that Tarsney had uttered the remark: "I hope that every man in Bowers's army will be shipped home in a coffin." The night the militia arrived at Gillette and camped near the deputies, Wilson, Allen and others, backed up by Bob Mullins and members of the company from the El Paso club, arranged a scheme to kidnap Tarsney on this spot, but for some reason this was abandoned.

To Kidnap Him.

On the day that Tarsney appeared at Colorado Springs for the purpose of assisting in the defense of the Bull Hill prisoners, the conspiracy to kidnap him was formed. It was freely discussed in the county jail and the sheriff's office, and when once it received official support, it progressed.

A signal was agreed upon. It was announced also most publicly that all who desired to take part in the plot should meet in a saloon on Tejon street, and enter with their right hand stuck in the vest. According to Wilson's story, Sheriff Bowers furnished to Deputy Sheriff Quackenboss tar, and Mrs. Quackenboss furnished the feathers, ripping open a large pillow. Bowers, in addition, ordered the release of the Cripple Creek murderer, and ordered him to follow Deputy Sheriffs Allen and Shellenberger.

Deputy Sheriff There.

Deputy Sheriff Bob Williams hired the hack from the two Crumleys, and ordered them to drive to the Alameda Hotel. He paid them in advance. Wilson headed the party which went to the Alamo, and he confessed that he was the man who poked the gun in Tarsney's face as he came down to the office to answer the telephone. Bancroft, Allen and Smith were the other men in the hotel office. Saxton, Bob Mullins, and the others waited outside. Wilson described the drive to the open prairie, and said that most horrible threats were made against Tarsney. He was told that he was being driven to a place of execution, where he would be tortured to death. His captors gleefully told him they would first quarter him and then chop off his head. Tarsney asked for his life, as any man would do under the circumstances. On arriving at the place of torture, Tarsney was dragged from the hack by Allen, Bancroft and Wilson and told to strip. When he was informed that his life would be spared, he shook hands with his persecutors and thanked them.

Wilson said that he got tar on his hands that night, and so did Saxton, Bancroft, Allen and the others. The general was left alone, nearly crazy, to vault over the fields.

Chief of Police Armstrong confirms the report that Wilson has made a full confession as related in the News. Wilson is a young man, the son of a Missouri farmer at whose house he was captured last week. He was a deputy sheriff at Colorado Springs, where he resided for several years. He left the city a day or two after the outrage on the adjutant-general. Gen. Tarsney has identified him as the man who poked a gun in his face at the Alamo Hotel, who daubed the tar on him, and who led him from the scene of the outrage after the other conspirators had departed.

W. Y. ATKINSON FOR GOVERNOR.

The Democrats of Georgia Place a State Ticket in the Field.

Atlanta, Ga., August 3.—Hon. Steve Clay, ex-president of the state senate, was made permanent chairman of the Democratic convention yesterday. The name of W. Y. Atkinson was presented by his former law partner, Hewlett Hall, and he was nominated for governor without opposition. A. D. Candler was nominated for secretary of state over William Clifton, the ballot resulting: Candler 156, Clifton 149. The remainder of the ticket which is as follows, was adopted by acclamation: Comptroller, General D. A. Wright; treasurer, R. U. Hardeman.

The platform was presented as the unanimous report of the committee. It reaffirms the national and state platforms of 1892, and on the currency question says: "We demand the immediate passage of such legislation as will restore silver to its constitutional position as a money metal and will secure at once the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold on a parity and give to every dollar in circulation, whether coin or paper, the same debt-paying and purchasing power."

CUTICURA for the HAIR

Luxuriant hair, with a clean, wholesome scalp, free from irritating and scaly eruptions, is produced by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. Price, 25c. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.
"All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," free.

THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

Preparations for the G. A. R. Meeting at Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, August 6.—The more than 1,300 committeemen comprising the Citizens' Executive Board of Pittsburg are hustling for all they are worth to make the 28th national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held in this city September 10-15 next, a big success. The indications are for a tremendous turnout of veterans. More than 25,000 of them have been assigned to free quarters, to say nothing of the 5,000 to 10,000 who have reserved paid quarters and the 5,000 resident Grand Army men who will not need to secure accommodations. This means that there will be over 50,000 of the "boys in blue" in Pittsburg during the encampment week.

There will be three grand parades:—the Naval Veterans on the 10th, the Grand Army proper on the 11th and the Union Ex-Prisoners of War on the 12th. Pittsburg will be more lavishly decorated than ever in its history. There will be about 125 reunions of army associations and about 10 conventions of national organizations of various kinds. On the evening of September 11th there will be six grand camp fires, presided over by soldiers of renown. It is confidently hoped the ex-President Harrison and Governor McKinley will attend. Governor Pattison and his staff will be guests of honor also.

There will be a number of triumphal arches and preparations have been made for such a display of electrical and natural gas illuminations and fire works as has never before been seen in Western Pnnesylvania. In addition to the hotels in Pittsburg the citizens have thrown open their homes to make welcome everyone of the 300,000 strangers expected that week.

Money, Crops, Trade.

R. G. DUN & CO.'S BAROMETER OF TRADE.

What Bradstreet's Says of Finance—Crop News Has Been the Feature of the Week.

New York, Aug. 4.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade, issued to-day, says: An important change in the state of business is near at hand. Congress will act on the tariff question, one way or the other, in all probability within a week. If it passes the pending bill, or if it fails, in either case the definite basis for future business will enable many to act who are now waiting. Whether the one course or the other would stimulate the greater increase, it is certain that either would give relief from present paralyzing uncertainties and cause some increase in business, at least for a time. So much business has been deferred during the past year and merchandise stocks have been so reduced, that the mere approach of a decision, without certainty what it is to be, has this week encouraged large preparation for increased business. In spite of outgoing gold and sinking treasury reserves, small railroad earnings, some injury to crops, and increased trouble in the cotton regions, the tone and the outlook are more hopeful. The injury to crops by hot winds and drought, if as great as some report, will affect all interests, but at this season it is never easy to distinguish between local and general damage. Western receipts of wheat were 6,400,000 bushels, against 4,002,000 last year, which does not encourage notions of a short yield and exports were only 1,599,000 bushels from Atlantic ports, against 3,185,000 last year. Corn exports were only 118,400 bushels, against 1,699,700 last year, and receipts 1,952,843, against 2,532,976, but it seems undeniable that the crop has sustained considerable injury. Cotton declined an eighth with commercial estimates of a yield exceeding 8,500,000 bales. Sales of wool were 8,522,000 pounds, against 3,742,000 last year and 9,376,400 the year before. It seems that a large part of the sales this week were to fill orders actually booked, and the rush of belated clothiers and dealers to get goods for the fall trade gives most manufacturers more than they can do for a month or two, though there seems to be no demand whatever for spring goods and manufacturers are making no effort to get orders. Wool has been advanced for many kinds 1 cent and the average about half a cent, after the decline of 1 1-2 cents from May 1. Recovery in iron manufacture is hindered by greater trouble in the coke region, where many of the new colored hands have quit and strikers have decided to continue the struggle. Somewhat better business appears at Philadelphia, but the market here is dull; there is no improvement in quantities of manufactured forms required at Pittsburg or the West, and in general the demand for finished products is disappointing. Prices remain nearly unchanged, though with numerous small contracts for structural work, beams at a shade stronger, while Bessemer iron, bar iron, and wire nails are a shade weaker. The demand crowds all works producing low priced shoes, while manufacturers of better grades are left dependent upon slender daily orders to keep their shops in operation. Shipments from Boston for the week are 25 per cent. larger than last year and for July 12 per cent., but a decrease compared with 1892 of 11 per cent. Commercial liabilities thus far reported in failures during July amounted to $9,016,778, of which $4,500,200 were of manufacturing and $4,231,470 of trading concerns, and the decrease for the month, though great in comparison with last year, is hardly as much as has been expected. The failures this week have been 219 in the United States against 436 last year and 44 in Canada against 34 last year.

Bradstreet's Financial Review.

New York, Aug. 4.—Bradstreet's financial review to-day says:

Crop news from the West has divided speculative attention with the tariff sultuation at Washington. As regards the latter, Wall street recognizes that the turning point of the entire question is the sugar schedule, and sugar refining stock has consequently been very erratic in its movements, which were confined to exceedingly narrow limits. The extreme drouth west of the Mississippi has unquestionably damaged the corn crop to a greater or less extent, and the question now is whether the railroads in that section will be able to maintain their dividends.

Interest has been mainly in the Granger stocks. Burlington was the center of the bear attacks, falling from 74 to 71 5-8, while Rock Island was depressed from 65 5-8 to 63. The other stocks of the same group showed, however, a fair degree of resistance, indicating that the selling was mainly by bear interests.

Sugar has been very irregular within the narrow limits of 105 1-2 and 102, the close of the week exhibiting some strength on the renewed prospects that the Senate sugar schedule would be adopted. The other industrials, inclusive of Chicago gas and distillers, have been, relatively speaking, neglected, and the market as a whole was narrow.

GOOD HOP REPORTS.

Big Crops Promised in Oregon Yards.

Portland, Ore., Aug. 7.—From every section of the state come favorable reports from the hop yards. The hop louse is confined to a few sections, and the ravages of that pest have not proved extensive. Indications are that the crop will be unprecedentedly large this season. A dealer in hops said today: "I think you can safely say that the yield of hops for 1894 will be the largest known in this territory or this state. For this there are two reasons: one is the season has been very favorable, and the other is increased acreage. Roughly, I should estimate the yield for Oregon this year will not be less than 60,000 bales."

WENT MAD ON CORN.

Board of Trade Men in Chicago in a Buying Panic.

Chicago, Aug. 7.—The board of trade was the scene of a wild buying panic to-day, corn shooting up at a dizzy gait and carrying wheat with it. The drought in the corn belt was unchecked, the weather bureau showed no signs of relief from the blistering winds that are sweeping over western cornfields, withering the growth and destroying the crop, and brokers clustered about the corn pit eager to buy. At the tap of the bell a wild struggle for holdings began. Shorts were frantic and at every jump in the price, with its consequent losses to them, fought more fiercely for cover. Before 10 o'clock corn had gone up seven cents in the long and sensational jump and wheat, with its heavy load of bearish influences, had struggled 2 1-4c up the scale.

Gallery Crowded.

The visitors' gallery was soon filled with spectators, who climbed upon the seats and leaned over the railing, watching the yelling, howling mob of speculators on the floor. Holders, with visions of sudden wealth held on to their grain until offerings were as scarce as rainstorms, and shorts, with visions of equally sudden disaster grew wilder as the session advanced. The market, which a few weeks ago apparently had no bottom, now seemingly had no top, and, passing wheat corn continued in an advance that has seldom been equalled on the Chicago board for sensational features.

Bullish Features.

The bullish features, of course, were the hot, dry winds sweeping across the already parched cornfields; the published official reports that cover a large section of Nebraska that the farmers would not raise enough corn to keep them from starving; the extremely bullish Iowa crop report, putting the crop prospects even lower than the speculators had guessed, and the fact that corn in Liverpool was reported 2 pence higher. The trading in corn from the start was of the wildest description, the shorts attempting to snap up whatever was offered that could be got, regardless of previous prices, or prices in other parts of the pit from that in which each was endeavoring, with might and main to lift himself, and of the financial hole into which his previous sale had plunged him.

Corn Jumps Madly.

As a consequence, the opening price for September corn was anywhere between 54 5-8 and 58c, in different parts of the pit, against 53 1-8c at the close yesterday, and by jumps of halves and cents the price quickly advanced to 60c or 6 7-8c above yesterday's last figures. Then it suddenly plunged down to 58c; sold at about 59c, then to 60c. This gait, of course, could not last indefinitely, and the most urgent of the shorts having waded ashore, the strain eased somewhat. The prices sank, at first by cents and halves, with an occasional jump on reaction, until at 12:45 a. m. it was quoted at 55 1-2c. May corn opened at anywhere from 50 1-2c to 52 1-2, against 40 7-8c at the close yesterday, and advanced to 53 7-8c, or a clean advance of 5c, breaking off later to 49 1-2c. Wheat struggled to keep up with corn. September opened at 55 1-2@55 5-8c, against 54 5-8c at the close yesterday, and advanced to 56 7-8c, a gain of 2 1-4c over yesterday's last figures, and at 10:35 a. m. was selling at 55 7-8@56c. Oats sympathized with the other grains. September, which closed yesterday at 30 7-8c, opened at 32 1-8@32 3-4c, sold at 34c and at 10:35 a. m. was back to 32 3-4c.

Prices have remained comparatively steady since the opening flurry and subsequent reaction. September corn at noon was quoted at 58 1-2c; September wheat at 56 1-4c. The reaction after the opening boom was assisted by the weather bureau's prediction of rain in Iowa and Nebraska to-day or to-morrow.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE BLADE,
Toledo, O., Aug. 7, 184.

The following table shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Aug. 7.	July 31
U. S. 5's, coupons	117½	118½
U. S. 5's, registered	117½	117½
U. S. 4's, coupons	114	114
U. S. 4's, registered	113½	113½
U. S. 6's, reg'ted (bid)	96	96
U. S. 6's of '95	101	101

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

As compared with yesterday, wheat is up 2 1-2 c on cash and August, 2 1-8 c on September and December 2. The markets were very active. Firm cables and strength in corn conduced to put prices up.

No. 2 red wheat 53 1-2 and finally 55; August 53 3-4@55; latter to ship, September, 54 3-4, 56 and to conclude, 55 3-4; December, 57 3-4, 59, then 58 3-4.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Aug.	Opened	Highest	Lowest	Close
Toledo	53¾	55	53¾	55
Chicago	53¾	57¾	53¾	57¾
New York	58	59¾	58	59¾
St. Louis	53⅞	55¾	53⅞	55¾
September				
Toledo	54¾	56	54¾	55¾
Chicago	55¾	57¾	55¾	57¾
New York	58¾	b60¾	58¾	b60¾
St. Louis	55¾	57¾	55¾	57¾

Corn—Dull, but Firm and Higher.

Corn was dull, but prices were about